

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

THERE is no question of the temper and resolution of the nation in the great struggle in which it is engaged, but if its energies are to be mobilized and sustained with effect, it must be told the truth about the war, and its share and stake in this vast contest. The people of Britain must not be treated as if the conduct and management of their affairs were only of secondary interest and importance to the men and women who have to make the sternest of sacrifices. The case of the nation should be stated on public platforms; the people who read the debates in Parliament are few. The leading orators of all parties should go down to the great towns and tell their audiences what are the causes for which we are fighting, what failure would involve, and why the whole nation must prepare itself for the most heroic exertions. Nor should the leaders of the nation think that their countrymen cannot bear to hear the worst, whatever it may be. We may not be a people with great imagination or wide foresight, but we have never failed in tenacity or stubbornness of purpose. We should like to see Mr. Lloyd George conduct a campaign. Nobody can make so powerful an appeal for small nations as the statesman who comes from a small nation and has always been their champion.

It was a direct and simple soldier's speech with which Lord Kitchener made his first appearance as a Minister on Tuesday in the House of Lords. He had, he said, no politics, and was serving like any private, "for the duration of the war." He praised the conduct of Sir John French's force, but added nothing to our knowledge of its performances. The real substance of the speech was the appeal, with which it concluded, for the enlistment of an army of thirty divisions (say half-a-

million men) which, as the conscript armies of the Continent wasted away, would ultimately represent this country adequately in numbers as well as in quality. The Prime Minister has answered in the negative the question whether the Government proposes to adopt conscription. There is a risk, however, that the new army may be composed solely of the few who see their duty, and the needy who enlist to escape want. The average citizen is not yet stirred, and the reason is largely that he has not the faintest conception of what this war means politically, nor of the grave peril in which the Allies stand. Some telling and simple explanation is due from Ministers, but, above all, the Censorship must mend its ways. The nation is sound enough to answer the call of danger. It is not volunteering in adequate numbers yet, and the reason is that the newspapers are not allowed to explain how serious the need is.

IN one swift week the whole aspect of the Western campaign has changed, and changed for the worse. The offensive-defensive strategy of the Allies has been everywhere abandoned. Their advances into Lower Belgium, into the Ardennes, and into German Lorraine have been repulsed and abandoned. The Germans, in superior numbers, have now imposed on the Allies a purely defensive strategy. They are fighting to delay the advance on Paris, and fighting upon lines which steadily recede. The superb resistance of the British and French at Mons and Charleroi at the week-end was followed by a withdrawal to the French frontier, and that again has probably been followed by a retirement to the line Arras—Cambrai—Le Cateau, which leaves Lille, Valenciennes, and Maubeuge isolated amid the flood of the invasion, if, indeed, these places still resist. The French plans must now be modified, and the transformation of the Ministry, which now includes MM. Briand, Delcassé, and Millerand, together with two Socialist leaders, MM. Sembat and Guesde, shows that our Allies are facing the problem of the fatherland in danger. It is useless to ignore the gravity of the position, but all will be well if the Allies can gain time by a stubborn Fabian strategy.

OF the first great battle of the campaign which was fought between Saturday and Monday by the British at Mons and the French at Charleroi, we have as yet no official details. The British force was assailed in six columns, and probably by superior numbers. It held its ground with perfect steadiness, and showed a gallantry which has won the unstinted praise of its French comrades. Its casualties were over 2,000 men in this series of engagements, but the Germans probably suffered still more heavily. The French, meanwhile, were defending positions which centred in the mining town of Charleroi. The battle raged round it, in it, and along the canals. The town itself was four or five times taken and retaken, and the streets and roads were at some points blocked by the bodies of the dead. A fine charge of the French African troops, the famous Turcos, was one of the most memorable incidents of the day. The French do not seem to have been here in adequate strength, and their

withdrawal, together with the fall of Namur, compelled General Joffre to order a general retreat of the whole Allied force.

WHAT followed this withdrawal we can only conjecture. The Germans were evidently in a position to pursue, and General French was compelled to fight a continuous action to cover the retreat. The first halt was made behind Maubeuge, but evidently this line was not seriously held. There was further heavy fighting on Wednesday and Thursday, and we next hear of the Allied forces at Cambrai and Le Cateau, while German cavalry has been raiding round the left flank past Lille. Our unintelligent censorship deletes from the telegrams all the names of the places taken by the German cavalry—as if they were waiting to hear from London where they have been. The result is that we do not yet certainly know how far the Allies have withdrawn, and whether they have been assailed in the rear. One consequence of the retreat has been that the lines of communication of the British force are now endangered, and its base must be moved from Boulogne to Havre or Cherbourg. Meanwhile, the activity of Uhlan parties round Ostend has induced the Admiralty to land there a force of British marines, which may be only an advance guard.

THE withdrawal of the Allies from their positions at Mons and Charleroi is explained partly by the strength of the German attack on the latter town, and partly by the fall of Namur. Namur was considered a stronger place than Liège, and good judges held it capable of standing a three-months' siege. It fell after an assault of two days. The four Northern forts still hold out. But the five southern forts and the town itself were taken with astonishing ease. It is unlikely that the northern forts can prevent the Germans from using the main railway line which runs through the Meuse Valley. The explanation of the Belgian collapse, both here and earlier at Louvain, is, we fear, that the Belgians have begun to lose heart, and think that they have not been well treated by the Allies. Professor Kettle, in an article in the "Daily News," describes popular feeling as bitter, and Flemish newspapers have been printing anti-French and anti-British articles. Belgians do not understand why no French and British force came to assist their defence of the road to Brussels.

THERE are, however, signs that the Belgian army in Antwerp is recovering its fighting spirit. It sallied out and retook Malines, but has again been driven out. A Zeppelin airship has dropped bombs into Antwerp, which killed several civilians, including women, and the United States Minister has entered a protest. Opinion is divided as to the legality of this operation. Antwerp is a fortified place, liable to bombardment. A dropped bomb is no worse than a shell from a gun; but, on the analogy of a regular bombardment, notice ought to be given which would allow non-combatants to escape. Far more questionable, if less horrible, is the German policy of fines. Brussels has been fined £8,000,000, and Liège £2,000,000, and other places are likely to suffer in proportion. It is well that Britain and France have decided to lend £20,000,000 to Belgium. But the German Government has apparently forgotten the Chancellor's promise in his Reichstag speech that Belgium should be compensated for the wrong done to her. Instead of compensating, he fines.

THE failure in Belgium unluckily does not stand alone. A French advance from Sedan into the Ardennes

towards Neufchateau was repulsed simultaneously, but of this we have no details. Longwy, north-east of Verdun has fallen. Still more serious is the total failure of the French invasion of Alsace-Lorraine. This must have been made with considerable forces, and was evidently more than a mere demonstration undertaken for political effect. The advance into Lorraine was pushed forward as far as Saarbruck on the Metz-Strassburg line. The Germans claim that it was checked on the 20th, and "turned into a rout" on the 21st, which resulted in the capture of 10,000 prisoners and 150 guns. The French answer is not re-assuring. It is that the total losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners did not reach 10,000, and that more guns were taken in Alsace than were lost in Lorraine. The Germans have been able in their turn to invade French Lorraine; Lunéville has been occupied, and the German invasion at this point threatens the gap between the forts of Toul and Epinal. The French forces in Alsace have been withdrawn to deal with this threatening situation.

If the news of the Western campaign is bad, there is some encouragement to be derived from Russian successes in the East. General Rennenkampf, in a two days' battle at Gumbinnen, inflicted a decisive defeat on a German force of three army corps, estimated at 160,000 men. The victors brought two armies to bear, one marching from Vilna, and the other from Warsaw, which, successfully converging, are said to have turned the German defeat into a rout. It is rumored that Tilsit has fallen, and we may soon hear of the investment of Königsberg. The main army from Warsaw is meanwhile advancing, apparently towards Posen. The real problem for this Russian advance will come when it reaches the three great fortified centres on the Vistula, Thorn, Graudenz, and Danzig. The fall of Posen would open the main road from Warsaw to Berlin. There is no doubt about the temper of the Russian troops, and, for an emotional race, it is often the first victory that counts. The Germans have left their Eastern territory recklessly exposed, and if Russian science can deal with fortresses as well as Russian gallantry has dealt with a field army, the pressure from the East may soon begin to tell on the German advance in the West.

AUSTRIA, meanwhile, is engaged in three campaigns. One of her armies, apparently under German command, is advancing very slowly into Russian Poland towards Kielce. In Galicia she is on the defensive, and has allowed two Russian columns from Kieff to enter. They are converging on Lemberg. In the Servian field there is no longer a doubt that an Austrian force of about 120,000 suffered a crushing defeat round Shabatz in fighting that lasted over five days. The Servians claim to have taken 15,000 prisoners and 70 guns. The defeat is admitted in Vienna, but is covered up with the quaint announcement that Austria is engaged as yet only in a "punitive expedition" against Servia, and is not making "definite war." The "punishment," however, has been rather suffered that inflicted. Cattaro, meanwhile, has been bombarded by the French fleet, and is expected soon to fall.

SOME minor successes have been achieved this week by the Allied Fleets. The armed merchant-cruiser, "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," engaged in raiding commerce on the Cape route has been sunk by the cruiser "Highflyer." The light cruiser "Magdeburg" ran aground off the coast of Finland, and was blown up to avoid capture by the Russian Fleet, which clearly is still active in the Baltic. An Austrian destroyer has also

been sunk by a British destroyer in the Adriatic. On the other hand, German floating mines in the North Sea are levying a heavy tribute on neutral and British commerce.

AN official committee, composed of some of the leading judges and legists of Belgium has issued a terrible report on German atrocities. Twelve cases are taken in detail. They include the use of the Belgian flag by German troops to cover their advance; firing on the white flag; firing by Germans after they had hoisted the white flag; the shooting of a wounded Belgian officer as he lay helpless; the use of Belgian women in front of an advancing German column as a shield; several instances of the unwarrantable killing of peasants in places where only regulars had resisted the Germans; the deliberate burning of the town of Aershot (by far the gravest case) and the shooting of its Burgomaster, his fifteen-year-old son, and eleven leading citizens by order, and many others at haphazard; and, lastly, charges of rape, mutilation, and murder, made by a farmer who was an eyewitness.

ONE may hesitate to take the word of a single witness, and one may suppose that some of these cases are capable of explanation, but the events at Aershot, the killing of the wounded, and the abuse of the Belgian flag can hardly be explained away. Apart from the affair at Aershot, twelve cases of individual misconduct would not be a large allowance, if they stood alone. But there are other charges. A Scottish lady, Mrs. Bonar, stranded inside the Belgian frontier, witnessed the wanton shooting down of civilians at sight, among them an aged Scottish minister, Mr. Mackenzie. The French Government has proof that some of the Germans in Alsace have used dum-dum bullets. Every war brings such accusations, and the Germans are also making them against the French. Exaggeration there is sure to be, but we hold it as beyond question that in Belgium the usual Prussian policy of terrorising the civilian population has been followed in some places by gross and savage brutality. This was evidently deliberate, for the German official war-news speaks of the necessity "to create examples which, by their frightfulness, would be a warning to the whole country." We are glad that President Wilson has appealed to the belligerents for more humanity in the conduct of the campaign.

THE diplomatic history of the war, from our side, has been completed by the publication of the dispatch in which the British Ambassador in Berlin reports his last conversations with German diplomatists. From the Foreign Secretary, Herr von Jagow, he received the utmost courtesy and kindness, coupled with expressions of a regret which was entirely heart-felt, that war had come at a moment when Anglo-German relations were better and more friendly than they had ever been in the past. More revealing was the surprise and emotion of the Chancellor. He could not grasp our attitude about Belgian neutrality. "Just for a word, just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation, who desired nothing better than to be friends with her. . . . It was like stabbing a man from behind." If German diplomatists were courteous but on the point of honor obtuse, the Kaiser was brutal. He sent his Aide-de-Camp to express his regret for the attack of the Berlin mob on the British Embassy, "but to tell you at the same time that you will gather from those occurrences an idea of the feeling of his people respecting the action of Great Britain in joining with

other nations against her old allies of Waterloo." In an answer to Mr. Keir Hardie on Thursday, Sir Edward Grey made it clear that the German Ambassador's tentative question whether we would stand aside if Belgian neutrality were respected, was a personal suggestion. At no time was the German Government willing to yield on this point. The Ambassador, said Sir Edward Grey, "worked for peace, but real authority at Berlin did not rest with him and others like him." This is, in short, the Kaiser's war.

THE "Times" reproduces from the "North-German Gazette" a set of official telegrams which throw light on an unknown chapter in the history of the British efforts to avert war. Interest centres in a telegram from Prince Lichnowsky, in which the German Ambassador reports a telephone talk with Sir Edward Grey. Sir Edward is represented as inquiring whether, if France remained neutral "in a Russo-German war," Germany would refrain from attacking her. The Kaiser then telegraphed to King George accepting this suggestion, but stipulating that the British Army and Fleet must guarantee the neutrality of France. The Ambassador entirely misunderstood Sir Edward Grey. What he had suggested was that France and Germany might cancel each other by both remaining neutral, so that the war (if war there should be) might be confined to the East. Prince Lichnowsky promptly corrected the misunderstanding, but the German Government has entirely suppressed his correction—a singularly disloyal proceeding.

PARLIAMENT re-assembled on Tuesday. The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in a Bill to amend the Currency and Bank Note Act. This new Bill gives the Treasury power to call in the existing £1 and 10s. notes, substituting new notes less easy to forge, and to give the banks further facilities by enabling them to borrow from the Treasury in the form of a certificate entitling them to a certain credit. On Wednesday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced a War Loan Bill unprecedented in character, for neither the amount to be raised nor the method of raising it is specified. This was probably the best, indeed the only, course to take, and the measure adopted at this moment will not easily be converted into precedents for the future. Mr. Lloyd George stated that the question of the moratorium was under consideration, though his remarks seemed to point to a partial withdrawal, and apparently this is what most traders favor. The same day Mr. Lloyd George introduced a Bill designed to give to poor people the protection that the moratorium gave to traders, but when the Bill came up for second reading on Thursday it was strongly criticized on the ground that it was too widely drawn. It is clearly necessary to secure poor debtors from harsh treatment in respect of rent, furniture instalments, mortgages, and other charges, and we hope that no time will be lost in putting the Bill right if it is too loose in its form, and passing it into law.

THE passionate sympathy and admiration with which the nation is watching the noble efforts of the people of Belgium found expression in formal speeches by the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition on Thursday. The speeches left nothing to be desired in respect of eloquence, spirit, feeling, and taste. The Irish Leader, in a brief speech, urged that we should show our gratitude to Belgium not in the form of a loan of ten millions, but in the form of a draft.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE EUROPE OF TO-MORROW.

Two facts of the campaign will widely strike the imagination of the British peoples—the engagement of a great force of British soldiery on Continental soil, and the withdrawal of the French Army towards the general line of defence, behind which the first great battles of the war would have been fought save for Germany's decision to violate the national rights of Belgium. The two statements are complementary to each other. Had Belgium been respected, the French defence would have been proportionately strengthened. Germany chose the easiest road to conquer, tearing up the treaty she signed, and, of course, encountering the full risk of the immediate intervention of Britain. The most powerful German assault has been delivered along the chain of entrenched camps, which do not compare in strength with the more southerly fortresses, designed to enable France to repel, on something like the old conditions of an advance from the one belligerent country to the other, a renewal of the assault of 1870. Our own troops have sustained their part in this tremendous struggle with the qualities which were most likely to impress the French soldiery, and are admirably described in the French despatches. More significant still is the Government's resolve, announced by Lord Kitchener, that the aid now given must be maintained and renewed so long as the military resources and the martial spirit of the Empire can supply them. We are not a small people, or a people of feeble will. We are wide apart so far as the physical limits of Empire extend, but we are also united by bonds of unforced affection, which are peculiarly the growth of our free system of Government. On this point we have two remarks to make. We urge the Ministry to take the country fully into their confidence, and tell it what are the requirements of the campaign and how they intend to fulfil them. The British Army is no slight unit in the armed force of the world. Great portions of it are more highly trained than any existing body of soldiery. In one way or another, it does not fall short of a million men. That is a tremendous asset in the fortunes even of this far-spread war. Let it not be lightly estimated. The authorities must remember that Great Britain is playing in the contest the part peculiar to her power, that of keeping open the seas, and that the full maintenance of the efficiency of the Navy is a consideration of the first importance. Free service has hitherto been offered in rich abundance. No need whatever exists for a recourse to conscription. What is the value of calling on large masses of totally untrained men until all that we possess in the way of partially armed and well-disciplined men who may have forgotten the old way of the soldier have been thoroughly trained? In any argument which implies the failure of the voluntary system, it seems to us there lies an indictment both of the political genius of the country and of its public spirit. Our people are patient and enduring, easy—perhaps too easy—to convince, and ready to follow even when unwisely led. It would be an injurious moral error to ignore these qualities and their application to the struggle.

We will make one further reference to the salient characteristic of the British intervention in the war. We do not think that we state more or less than the truth when we say that the country has gone into this fight, not perhaps with full consciousness of the character of the issue, but with the desire, and we pray with the result, of moderating the play not only of the more primitive lusts of successful war, but of seeing a new Europe emerge from it. The country will make no reservations on this point. Not only the diplomacy of our allies, but of our own statesmen, not only the unyielding and inhuman temper of military Germany, but the general system of armed camps and navies which has radiated round it, must come into the light of full criticism as the war draws to an end. We maintain all that has been said week after week, year after year, in these columns that an armed peace, based on a slightly shifting but always existent balance of powerful armaments, military and naval, furnished no guarantee against war, but, on the contrary, meant merely a heavy, accumulating fine on moral progress. Thousands of promises, built on the calculation that armaments have stood for peace, have been strewn about the world by, we suppose, every European statesman responsible for foreign policy. What are they worth to-day? What reckoning do those who made them owe to the peasants and shop-boys whose bodies have this week strewn the streets of Charleroi? It is not conceivable that if the old political parties fail to acknowledge and repair this error, others will not arise, from the bosom of the peoples, to reverse and avenge it. In fact, it is abandoned. Sir Edward Grey formally gave it up in the passion of his last quest for the means and instruments of European peace. But if the end of this war, as the end of other wars, is to strengthen militarist forces, or even to draw this country still more closely within the net of military influences, the Balance of Power will resume its hateful sway over the nations, and will be broken only by a general Revolution.

Here, then, lies the first future task of statesmanship; modes and instruments of policy must be formed for all ideals. The creation of a United States of Europe constitutes the only way out of this European State war. The extension of democracy, based on the calling up of our true reserve, all the men and all the women of the countries, is again the only organ of so immense a transformation, for it carries with it the three capital needs of the hour, the demand for a full communication of the lines of foreign policy, the growth of international exchange by the disappearance of tariff frontiers, and the cutting down of purely national forces in favor of something that we can truly call an international police, controlled by an international Parliament. So long as Kaiserism dominated Central Europe one may fail to see how a change of such dimensions could operate. For no moral or democratic concepts could break through the unyielding barrier of force, based on false conceptions of God and man, which it interposed to them. But we do not believe that Kaiserism will survive the war. All will and must be changed: the inner thoughts of men, the power of the masses to safeguard their simplest rights, and, above all, the trust of mankind in the wisdom of governing classes,

"directing" civilization to its ruin. It is on this new basis of ideas and feelings that the society of to-morrow must be laid. Europe must not be allowed to sink into the deep scepticism, possibly the despair and anarchy, into which the frightful havoc of months, the breakdown of all the best and most natural human relationships, may well plunge it. Average, conventional statesmanship will then have nothing to say to its accusers. And the change must be framed and pressed not only by the finest feelings of mankind, but by the enlightened common sense of the nations, and their aroused sense of self-preservation in the face of incalculable and ever renewable perils.

#### IRELAND'S PLACE IN THE EUROPEAN WAR.

WE are certain that no Englishman has any doubt of the duty of Parliament to pass the Home Rule Bill, and to pass it at once. It must be a very poor and slow imagination that cannot grasp the value—moral, political, and strategical—of this important and dramatic stroke. It is no secret that the belief that we were hopelessly crippled by the Irish trouble played an important part in the calculations that ended in this war. Faced with a danger and a task that no living Briton has encountered, we cannot afford to give even the shadow of life to this legend about our power. The passing of the Home Rule Bill puts an end at once to any such legend, and if any politician stood out against that course—refusing to rely on the influences that have drawn all persons and all classes together under a common shadow for the settlement of the difficulties that remain—he would make it clear that the national need does not come first in his thoughts and his solicitude. That such a man exists we cannot believe.

But, apart from the importance of presenting the nation to the world as a united and determined nation, the passing of the Home Rule Bill achieves at once two great purposes. It puts fire and passion into that affection and fidelity of which Mr. Redmond spoke in his historical speech in the House of Commons, as touching and inspiring the imagination of all classes in Ireland. There has been no war in which the Irish people have felt towards their neighbors as the Irish people feel to-day. To wound those feelings, to slight that enthusiasm, to call in question the sincerity of that goodwill by proclaiming to the world that we will not, after all, ratify our promise of self-government, would be so signal a collapse of statesmanship as to shake the confidence of the nation in the judgment of its rulers. The English people rejoice in the prospect of a reconciled Ireland. They will welcome the sign and seal of that reconciliation. They will feel that at last the day has dawned to which Fox looked forward when he said that he hoped that one day the garrison of Ireland would be the Irish people themselves. And if that is true of the people of England, it is not less true of the people of the Colonies or of the great Irish population in America. We have it in our power by this one stroke to enlist on our side this immense body of opinion and sentiment in a nation whose goodwill is of the greatest value and importance to us. Is our position so over-

whelmingly strong that it does not matter to us what America thinks and what America does?

There is another aspect of the Irish situation which is of special interest at this moment. The capture of a Rhodes Scholar serving in the German army in one of the frontier engagements last week reminds us that fifteen years ago if Germany and France had been at war the great body of upper-class sympathy in England would have been on the side of Germany. Britain was then Imperialist, and Imperialist Britain took Germany as its model. Mr. Rhodes valued the affinities so highly that he gave Germany—alone of European peoples—a share in his great benefactions. All our thinking took German color. Professor Hobhouse traced this influence in his book on "Democracy and Reaction." Efficiency was our God; the day of small nations was over; good government was better than self-government; we had a mission to impose our institutions by force; we despised all the triumphs that were specially our own, and we admired in Germany just the spirit that crushed the best influences in her life. But this Imperialism did not last. When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gave self-government to South Africa, he proclaimed to the world that the nation had re-discovered the secret of its greatness, and reverted to the liberal ideas that had gained for its place in the history of the world its chief success and distinction. The view of life and societies and human development that overwhelmed us in the time of the Boer War—and melted away as our normal habits returned—has been the settled philosophy of the powerful class that governed Germany. When the Kaiser sent his soldiers to China, he called himself a second Attila; when he welcomed the new century, he could only think of duty as armed service. This theory, elaborated with all the thoroughness of German industry and concentration, has been developed in a literature of incitement, and it has brought the German people, with so many triumphs to their credit in other fields, into this violent catastrophe. "L'Humanité" observed the other day that there was such a wind of liberty blowing in Europe as had not blown since 1792. In the storm that followed 1792, it was not always liberty that the wind blew to the peoples of Europe. We have to see to it in this war that all our influence is used to prevent the wind of liberty from destroying the hopes of liberty for the future, and that, as it has been well put, we let the German people destroy their militarism. But we can give at once at our own door an evidence to the world of the spirit in which we have entered on the war, and of our trust in the great traditions of our history.

#### ITALY AND HER ALLIES.

WHATEVER else may be the result of this war, the Triple Alliance, as we have known it in the past, has come to an end. It is possible that we and our friends may have some disagreeable surprises to face from the attitude of neutrals before the conflict is over. Neutrality, if the battle rages long and the issue is in doubt, may be as difficult to maintain as it was in the Napoleonic struggle. Not one of the neutrals is really without an interest in

the issue. But of Italy, we believe, one thing may be safely affirmed. If she should be drawn into the conflict, it will not be on the side of her old allies. Other Powers may be neutral from calculation. She is perhaps the shrewdest calculator in Europe, but behind her calculations there is sentiment. This war has shown that in the hour of crisis the deepest of all human emotions is still national passion. If Italian statesmen were tempted to place their armies at the disposal of Austria, they would encounter an opposition at home which would be formidable, because it would be national. The hatred of all war in the working-class would be reinforced by the hatred of Austria in the middle-class. The German statesmen of the Triple Alliance have never in their dealings with Italy made allowance for this human factor, and Austria has never taken the trouble to compose the ancient feud. This war is a sort of sacrificial holocaust upon the tomb of the murdered Archduke. But Italians cannot forget that, amid the embarrassments of the Tripoli campaign, the party of the Archduke proposed to make a sudden attack upon the Italian frontier.

Italy's share in the Triple Alliance is at an end, but we question whether it was ever a reality, save in the few years when Crispi and Bismarck were in power together. The third volume of the English translation of "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi" (Hodder & Stoughton), has been published at a moment when its contents make instructive reading. It deals, indeed, with a dead world. The Europe that for ten years past has been preparing this universal war has moved far away from some of the positions of the 'eighties and 'nineties of last century. Bismarck may stand for the first great type of the modern ruthlessness, but he seems, as we meet him in this volume, to be at once a more politic and more scrupulous figure than some of his successors. Kaiser and Tsar have between them made a Russo-German War for the hegemony of the East, but we find Bismarck throughout this volume maintaining against the Kaiser his favorite maxim that Russia should be encouraged to take Constantinople. Had Bismarck's policy been followed here, Russia would have had the less temptation to desire the disruption of the Austrian Empire. But an *obiter dictum* of the great man about Alsace has gained by events a formidable irony. Crispi, in 1889, was putting to him the suggestion that Alsace-Lorraine might be made into a neutral state under some German prince. This plan, Bismarck agreed, might please France, but it would weaken Germany. "We should no longer be able to threaten France by land, while France would be free to attack us by sea." The reason is cynical, but even Bismarck's cynicism hardly foresaw the time when the neutrality of a neighbor would cease to be an obstacle to attack. The real interest of this volume, somewhat barren as it is in human documents, lies in its exposure of the utter unreality of the Triple Alliance. Bismarck, as usual, in one of his common flashes of disconcerting veracity, gives the true reason. Italy was held to be nearly useless as an ally, not because her army was negligible, but because she could attack France only through the strongly-fortified Alpine passes. The case would have been different if her armies could

have been transported by sea to the French coasts, but for that in those days the co-operation of the British Fleet seemed necessary. That was the main reason which led Bismarck in 1887 to promote a sort of Mediterranean Triplice, composed of Britain, Austria, and Italy. It retained some diplomatic life for four short years, from 1887 to 1891, as a consequence of our anxiety about Egypt. It broke down, partly because Austria could never work frankly with Italy, but chiefly because Lord Salisbury rejected Crispi's overtures for a military convention. With its disappearance, Italy became once more an ally whom Germany and Austria did not value and therefore neglected and alienated.

The details of this revealing book seem curiously remote to-day, and yet their effect remains. We see Crispi wrestling against France to prevent the fortification of Biserta, to check the French establishment in Tunis, to save for an eventual Italian inheritance the Hinterland of Tripoli, to push against France the Italian penetration towards Abyssinia. He only succeeded in bringing down upon himself the resentment of the Republic, whose resources enabled her to make war in time of peace. The tariff war threatened the Italian North with poverty, and the bankers' war at one moment brought the Italian funds tumbling down six points on the Paris Bourse. The French forgot less readily than the Italians that it was French blood which had liberated Lombardy. While they still thought with fresh passion of their lost provinces, they could not forgive Italy her ingratitude in allying herself to Germany. The feeling was natural, but it was not quite just, for Napoleon's conduct in the matters of Nice and the temporal power of the Pope had been calculated to wipe out a good deal of gratitude. Exposed to the formidable hostility of France, enduring, as Crispi put it, a state of things "worse than war," Italian statesmen rarely received from their allies any effective backing, or, after Bismarck's fall, any backing at all. They seemed indeed to bear the whole brunt of the Franco-German quarrel. Austria, meanwhile, in spite of Crispi's really ruthless suppression of Irredentism in Italy, never relaxed her repression of the Italian element in Istria and the Trentino. The relations of the two Allies, if we may judge from this book, consisted mainly in hot but futile protests from Crispi against Austrian acts of rigor, which were incessantly renewed.

The inevitable happened. Italy made terms with France, and Crispi's successors achieved with her the understanding which he had sought in vain. The commercial and financial bonds were renewed, and in due time France watched with benevolent neutrality the rather disastrous fulfilment of Italian ambitions in Tripoli. There seemed during the early stages of the Albanian question to be a real community of action between Italy and Austria. They were at least agreed in resisting the pretensions of the Balkan States. Their agreement ceased with Prince William's arrival, and gave way to discreditable intrigues and open bickerings. We need not dwell on other symptoms of the unreality of the Alliance—the severely impartial conduct of Italy during the Moroccan affair, and her curious flirtation with Russia in the years of the acutest Austro-Russian



tension. The plain fact is that the "Triplice" was always an ambiguous bond, in spite of its periodical renewal. One wonders, not that it has been broken at last, but rather that it endured even in form. The moral is clear, and it conveys a warning to ourselves. The "balance of power" which rests on alliances is built on sand. Open what chapter of European history one will and the same lesson emerges. Alliances are useless to preserve the general peace, and when peace is broken they render inevitable a general war.

### THE WAR AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT.

THE confusion of ideas which is inevitable in a society whose life and affairs are suddenly disorganized by an overwhelming catastrophe, has shown itself in some of the schemes and enterprises that have been proposed or adopted during the last fortnight. We are gradually beginning to realize more clearly what are the problems ahead of us.

Mr. Sidney Webb, in an interesting article in the "Daily Chronicle," says rightly that the Government are to be praised for recognizing that the first duty of society is the organization and encouragement of employment. But some unemployment is inevitable, and society has to consider how the problems created by unemployment can best be handled. In some cases it will be possible to organize alternative employment; in others it will not. What we have to aim at is to carry the nation through this exhausting strain with a minimum of damage to its vigor and its vital power. The worst calamity that could befall the nation would be a fall in the standard of life and a reduction of the strength of the working classes, whose efficiency and power to protect and develop their rights and interests are the main element of strength in a modern nation. This is the great object that should be kept in view in any measures that are taken. We are glad to see that this is recognized by the War Emergency Committee of the Labor movement, which, among other resolutions, has urged upon all wage-earners who may be thrown out of work or become poverty-stricken to apply at once for employment or relief to the organized national or local committees before they attempt to sell or pawn any of their furniture or personal effects. This is a fundamentally sound recommendation. The workman has to take his part in a war upon poverty, and for him to wait until his strength is exhausted before he applies for help to which he is entitled is as improvident as if he waited to consult a doctor until he was on his death-bed.

The first duty of the State is obviously to prevent unemployment so far as this is possible. In the case of some industries the Government can help by giving the manufacturer the benefit of the national credit. The form in which this is done is an arrangement and a guarantee to the banks and accepting houses. This policy has so far had a disappointing response, but we may hope that when the first results of the panic pass away the banks will be less cautious and less partial. The banks

who owe their stability to the Government have a duty to the public, and they have to perform great public services. Mr. Lloyd George gave some of them a hint on Wednesday which was not given before it was needed. We may hope that it will have the desired effect. In the case of the cotton industry the immediate difficulties arise in part from the heavy war risks, and the Manchester and Liverpool Chambers of Commerce have both urged on the Government the bold policy of taking the whole risk themselves. Such a policy could not be adopted by the Government without grave consideration; but, on the face of it, there is much to be said in its favor. The "Manchester Guardian," which is not given to reckless optimism, argued in an important article last Monday that there is every reason to hope that the cotton industry will be actually more prosperous after than before the war. Obviously, any measures that the Government can take to keep trade alive are of vital importance to the thousands of workpeople who are engaged in spinning and weaving, for whom, in consequence of the modern specialization of labor, it would be immensely difficult to find any other occupation. But there is one field in which the Government and other public authorities can take direct action of their own. It is pointed out in the pamphlet published by the Fabian Committee, that there is every reason why public employment should be increased. The prosecution of the two wars, the foreign war and the domestic war against poverty, has thrown a vast task upon the officials of the central and local authorities. In discharging that task public authorities should obviously pay strict regard to the excellent principles that they have recommended to the notice of private employers. Philanthropic amateurs should not be allowed to do the work by which some people earn their livelihood. In public departments, overtime, except for technical and highly placed officials, ought to be rigidly prohibited. That this is the right public policy is obvious. Private employers are not in the position of the Government, which, instead of losing business, has a vast increase in the volume of its work. We fear, however, that the temptation to work overtime as the method involving the least trouble to a hard-pressed department has been too strong in some cases for the officials. Ministers ought to be pressed in Parliament as to the practice of their several departments in this respect. It would be nothing short of a scandal that there should be clerks working long hours in Government departments while thousands of clerks in the world outside are unable to earn their bread. This, of course, would give an opening, not merely in London, but also in the provinces, where Labor Exchanges and many Post Offices will need much larger staffs.

There is another respect in which the Government might help in preventing unemployment among clerks and typists. At present a number of boy clerks are employed in public departments on routine duties, clerical work, and typewriting. The boys who enter the public service in this way come from school at the age of fifteen. The system has been condemned by the Royal Commission on the Civil Service, and it will certainly be abandoned. The Treasury ought to arrange that no further examinations shall be held, and

men and women clerks and typists out of employment should be taken temporarily into the public service. This plan would absorb a number of clerks at the most critical moment, for we may hope that the businesses in which they are employed will improve, and it is therefore particularly important to find employment for the men and women who are the victims of the first collapse of our foreign trade.

Another direction in which the normal energies of the Government departments should be developed is in the field of education. The Government should encourage local Education Authorities to keep children at school to the age of sixteen by maintenance scholarships. In this way we should stem the flooding of the market for juvenile labor, and we should achieve what it has been our ambition to achieve in time of peace—a real educational advance. Mr. Arthur Acland well said, in the "Westminster Gazette," that we had to see that the nation suffered as little permanent damage as possible. The recommendations of the Fabian Committee on this subject are excellent. We believe in the future of our race as much as the Roman Senators who bid for the land occupied by the invader, and we ought to show it by spending freely on our youth and children. Let us resolve to have less crowded classes of scholars, to spend money on keeping boys and girls at school a little longer, to care for their health and nourishment, and to take a wide and generous view of our responsibilities. But, as Mr. Webb has well pointed out, it is impossible to expect local committees to appreciate the opportunities and the duties of the hour if they receive no guidance or leadership. The Government have provided the beginnings of a good organization on paper. They have made the capital mistake of giving little power or place to the representatives of the working classes and to women, and that mistake will doubtless be repeated all over the country. But their general aims are well conceived; only, if their aims are to succeed, it is essential that they should inspire the Committees all over the country with large and energetic views. Enterprise and imagination are not the characteristic virtues of the authorities who spend the money of the ratepayers, and they are the virtues most in need at this moment. Other aspects of the problem must be considered in detail, but it is quite clear that all our schemes will yield very disappointing results unless the authorities set to work in a spirit of ambition and not in a spirit of misgiving and reluctance.

#### THE WAR ON LAND.

SECRECY in war-time has its uses, above all at the opening of a campaign, when the General Staff may have some daring and original plan which it hopes the enemy may not divine. Such secrecy as our censorship is practising is a policy suicidal in a country which depends on the goodwill of the volunteer and the steadiness of public opinion. It sows panic; it damps enthusiasm, and it begets a sense of apathy. The enemy who is pressing hard on our retreating armies knows only too well where they are; no secrecy in London will embarrass him.

Self-respect in such a situation requires the unvarnished truth; when the country realizes how grave the situation is in the Western area, it may be trusted to do its duty. Let us attempt, so far as the scanty material before us allows, to face the facts and estimate their meaning. What is serious is not that Namur has fallen, that the Allied armies have retreated from Belgium, and that the reckless French invasion of Alsace-Lorraine has been repulsed with terribly severe losses. All this is grave, but on so vast a line one must expect some failures and reverses. The really serious fact to our mind is that the French offensive has everywhere failed, and General Joffre's plans have for the moment been ruined. That may not, at the first thought, convey its full meaning. To measure its significance we must recollect that the thinking, the disposal, and the training of the French Army was based on the idea that the offensive is warfare, and that nothing else is warfare. Foiled in the offensive, and reduced to fighting on line after line a purely defensive battle, the French Army will be put to a test which it had not expected, and for which it may be unprepared. It must give up all thought of dashing forward into Belgium or sideways into Alsace. It is fighting now simply to defend the roads to Paris. It can show its characteristic dash and daring no longer in its general strategy, but solely in the tactics of the battlefield. The issue of the Western campaign now depends on the coolness and the doggedness of the resistance, which will force the enemy to buy every mile of his advance with more men than he can spare.

One plausible explanation of the present position has come from Paris, and it fits some, at least, of the facts. It is said in Paris that the French General Staff did not anticipate that the main German army would follow the road through Belgium. That, surely, is impossible. The Belgians themselves had dreaded this event for twenty years, as General Brialmont's books show. Nor would the Germans have damaged their cause politically by the invasion of Belgium, unless they had hoped for some overwhelming military advantage from it. But it is probable enough that the French Staff did not expect that the main advance would be through Brussels. Brialmont had always expected that the Germans would use the Valley of the Meuse as their main route, and would be dependent on the railway, a great Continental artery, which runs through it. While Namur held out, the French may well have expected in other directions something less serious than the main attack. There they have been mistaken. One can only attempt to guess in the dark. But we are inclined to think that if General Joffre had expected that more important masses of the German invasion would be directed through Brussels upon Charleroi and Maubeuge, he would have arranged several of his dispositions otherwise. First, he would have strengthened the Belgian field army in the central Belgian plain, and enabled it to make a longer and more effective resistance there. Secondly, when Brussels was taken, he would have massed more important forces at Charleroi than seem to have been there. Thirdly, he would not have dissipated his own armies in obstinate and repeated advances in Alsace and German Lorraine. All these questionable dispositions



are explicable on the assumption that the French Staff supposed that the main German advance must follow the Meuse, and that Namur would suffice to check it.

Politics play a larger part in war than most soldiers care to admit. We suspect that the motive for the French offensive in Alsace-Lorraine was largely political. Every success there, however trivial, would fill the mind of the dullest French soldier with hope and confidence. The armies which took Mülhausen and got astride the line from Metz to Strassburg were wiping out 1870, and, in a word, achieving *la revanche*. To create such an impression would be invaluable at the opening of a campaign. It is possible that the French expected an attack from Metz. More probably they hoped to use the Lorraine army to envelop the German Left, and since the great fortresses of Metz and Strassburg had to be dealt with, we must suppose that this was a large army of anything over three corps. We know only that it has been heavily defeated, has lost many prisoners, and much of its artillery (the Germans say 10,000 men and 150 guns), and has been driven back into French territory, leaving Lunéville in the enemy's hands. The military position has here been ruined by politics, for obviously this force, or most of it, was required in the North. On the other hand, the Belgian campaign has suffered from a neglect of the political, or shall we say, the human factor. It is pretty generally known now that the Belgians are discontented, because they feel that the Allies have left them in the lurch. Why, they ask, have the French gone invading Alsace, and why were the British detailed for the defence of Northern France, while no one has helped to protect Central Belgium? We are not criticizing these arrangements, which may have been based on a very brilliant plan. In fact, they have worked badly, and the consequences must be traced. The result of allowing the Belgians cause for this bitterness was, first, that their field army did only moderately well before Louvain, and worse still, that Namur has (more or less) fallen with disconcerting ease. It is quite likely that good politics in this part of the field would also have been good strategy. If even a few French and British divisions had been spared to assist the Belgians, their spirits might not have flagged, and Namur might have held out for weeks or months instead of days. We incline to think that too much was expected of Namur, because too much was made of the resistance of Liège. We know now that the first attack on Liège was made not by three Army Corps, but only by a body of covering troops, half mobilized and hastily rushed forward. A ring fortress is no stronger than the weakest of its single forts, and if one is taken, the central town can be rushed, and any co-ordinated defence disorganized. That happened slowly at Liège, rapidly at Namur, and we must be prepared to see it happen again. To sum up this attempt in a guess at the reason of a failure in this first round of the campaign, General Joffre failed to reckon on a mass movement through Brussels, counted on Namur to stop a mass movement down the Meuse, and spent in the invasion of Lorraine and the effort to turn the German Left, the forces which were really required to

deal with the German Right. This German Right encountered stubborn and successful resistance from the British at Mons. The gallantry of our men, however, could not save the battle. The French at Charleroi, in spite of the obstinate courage which they showed in taking the town again and again after the first repulse, were not in adequate numbers. The centre was driven in, and meanwhile the Allied Right was in peril. The Belgians had failed to hold Namur, the key to the Meuse. Two separate offensives westward (of which we know no details) against the German armies of the Ardennes, and from Luxembourg, were simultaneously repulsed. No choice remained. The offensive has been everywhere abandoned, and the Allies have fallen back on the first line within the French frontier, and have now been driven behind it.

It is a bad record for a week's work, and it means that the whole conception of the Western campaign must be revised. The Germans are evidently in vast numbers; they are moving with surprising rapidity; they are prepared to lose heavily. We may as well dismiss at once all the tales too eagerly believed about their defective commissariat and the discouragement of the men. They believe as firmly as the French in the justice of their cause, and they have started with the terrible impetus of victory. We must not be surprised to hear of the fall of fortresses like Lille and Maubeuge, now left stranded in the flood of invasion. It is likely that the Allies may be driven back in a day or two upon their second line of defence (La Fère-Laon-Reims-Chalons). Provided there is no demoralization, the defence becomes gradually easier as the Allied communications are shortened and those of the invaders are lengthened. Antwerp may be helped from Ostend, and in the east, Verdun is already enterprising in its threats upon the German Left. It will be a long and difficult campaign. We may congratulate ourselves that the Russian advance into Prussia has begun rapidly and well, and may before many weeks are over create a danger for Berlin which will relieve the pressure on Paris. But we must not leave it to the Cossacks to save the liberty of the West. We are involved in a capital struggle, and our safety as well as our honor requires us to take our adequate share in it. Lord Kitchener's half-a-million men are needed, and they are needed at once.

#### THE ULTIMATE REALITIES.

A HALF-TONE picture in one of the newspapers the other day was headed:—"The Realities of War." It showed the dead and wounded on a Belgian battlefield. It was terribly realistic. But there are other realities of war, just as terrible, but not capable of pictorial representation. They are financial and commercial realities. The horror behind them is not bankruptcy—a mere book-keeping affair—but famine-stricken millions of people. At a moderate estimate, this inferno, into which Europe has blundered, is costing some ten or twelve millions of money a day. Many years ago the figures for the war of 1870-71 were worked out by the German General Staff.

It was calculated that every soldier that Germany then put into the field cost her 7s. 6d. a day. To-day the equipment and maintenance of a soldier is much more expensive, and an officer of the German General Staff has recently worked it out again at 12s. 6d. a day per soldier. On this basis Germany is spending, roughly, £2,000,000 a day on her army. Her fleet is on a war-footing, and costs her probably another million a day, so that Germany's war expenses per diem are about three millions.

In short, Germany is now living at the spendthrift rate of about eleven thousand millions a year. Unlike the typical spendthrift, she has no means of borrowing, nor for that matter have her rivals. The war is costing us perhaps a million and a half a day; France, two millions or more; Austria, two millions; and Russia, let us say, three millions. This is a very moderate estimate. The Balkan wars lasted in all thirty-four weeks, and worked out at nearly seven millions a day. On this scale, the total daily cost of the present war would amount to a stupendous figure. Moreover, the Balkan States were all agricultural; their peoples could manage to exist on the produce of their own soil; their armies lived to a great extent on the country that they invaded. They had no starving industrial communities to consider. Even so, they had to borrow heavily. The South African War cost us, when it was in full swing, about a million a day. It hit our industries hard for years afterwards, though it was a mere Colonial campaign. Rich as we are, we waged it mainly on borrowed money, and the nation that financed us was France. Borrowing is now altogether out of the question for all the combatants, including ourselves. There is no one to borrow from, save the United States, which is not a lending country. It is an axiom of the strategists that no European Power could conduct a war without foreign loans. That axiom has been completely ignored by the diplomats and soldiers that landed us in this mess. Each belligerent must now pay its expenses out of its own pocket. To put it in another form, taxes will have to go up to ten or twelve times their peace rate. The question then arises: Which nation will be the least able to stand the strain? And the answer is undoubtedly, Germany. For, next to ourselves, Germany is the greatest industrial nation, and, next to ourselves, she depends upon sea communications for her livelihood. Unlike us, her sea-communications are largely, though not entirely, cut off. Unlike us, nearly all her efficient male population is fighting. Unlike us, her industries have come to a standstill automatically for lack of men. Like us, she has huge industrial, wage-earning populations that have ceased to earn wages. We may suppose that the German military machine is the perfect thing that it seems to be, yet it is not perfect enough to work without fuel. In military, as in physical science, there is no such thing as perpetual motion. Suppose—an unpalatable supposition, but not an impossible one—that the Germans are before Paris in a week or two. Their triumph will be an empty one. Behind them, in their own land, will be a population in a state of siege, and the besieger will be Great Britain. There is every hope for assuming that this European convulsion will come to a speedy end from pure economic exhaustion.

#### "MORAL."

It is difficult to imagine the power which brings an army through the test of battle. An army is composed of ordinary men like ourselves, and the average soldier has no special endowment of fortitude to start with. In Continental armies he is the ordinary citizen or the ordinary peasant. In our own Regular Army he has been nearly always one of the ordinary unemployed. As a rule, he has been a destitute and very little educated youth, who has enlisted to avoid starvation. Some men, certainly, are "born soldiers"; their every instinct takes them to the army. But in modern armies their percentage is small, and it tends to become smaller. The enormous majority are people like ourselves—people who have no instinctive desire to kill or to be killed. Our common instinct is an abhorrence of death, especially of violent death. Think what excitement a murder arouses; how it diverts public interest from a political crisis and even from sport. Think with what horror a political assassination, even for a just cause, is regarded. Think what a gloom is cast over the country by an accidental disaster at sea, costing a thousand lives. But one battle is an addition sum in murders. It is a multiplication of political assassinations, even in a good cause. If only a thousand lives are sacrificed, the loss is spoken of as comparatively small.

The almost overwhelming instinct of mankind is to preserve life, especially one's own. And in soldiers the instinct ought reasonably to be peculiarly strong; for, being young, they probably enjoy life most, and can fairly count upon a long enjoyment. Yet they will stand in battle to lose it by thousands—to lose it in such crowds that the dead have not room to fall, but remain propped up by the dead, as happened last Sunday in the streets of Charleroi. What power is it which so strangely overcomes an almost overwhelming instinct—that elemental instinct of self-preservation which is the deepest instinct of universal life, and constitutes, indeed, the driving force of all possible existence? It is almost incredible that such a power should be found in every nation, and not uncommonly.

In old days, rage and animal ferocity drove men forward into peril, and they are strong motives still. We saw how hatred of the traditional oppressor inspired Bulgarians to a carelessness of life two years ago; and in the second Balkan War how race hatred inspired the former allies. In every war a violent and unreasoning abuse of the enemy, combined with accounts of his atrocity, especially of his endeavors to poison water, is employed to increase this hatred. In the South African War, rumor insisted that the enemy was pouring cyanide of potassium into the rivers, and during the first week of the present war, Berlin was asked to believe that Russians had been found sprinkling cholera germs among the reservoirs from hollow walking-sticks. But hatred and ferocity played greater parts in the old times of hand-to-hand conflict with sword and shield. The wild intoxication of such passions loses its strength with distance. One may feel a national hatred, but hardly a blinding personal ferocity to a line of specks, and when we talk of guns "fired in anger," at a five miles range, the anger is a different thing from the rage that hacked the

foeman's body with a double-edged sword no longer than the arm.

In our time it is chiefly "discipline" that does it. Not that discipline is anything new. A disciplined force has always gone through an unorganized host like a knife through butter, as the legions proved upon unhappy Cimbri and Teutons, Gauls, Dacians, and the rest. But discipline grows in importance as the motives of savagery decline, and the word appears to be slowly changing its meaning. It used to mean teaching or training so rigidly enforced by threats or suffering that obedience became a habit, and habit grew into an instinct. To ensure this habit or instinct, terrible means were employed. Only a century ago, Wellington and Crauford flogged and hanged their instrument into order. The accounts of what discipline meant in those days will hardly bear reading now. As is well known, it was Sir John Moore, in his training of the famous Light Division at Shorncliffe, who first showed our army what another kind of discipline could effect. Writing of his method, Sir William Napier says, "It was the internal and moral system, the constant superintendence of the officers, the real government and responsibility of the captains, which carried the discipline to such perfection." And as to the result, General Hopkins, who knew the Light Division, wrote:—

"My opinion of discipline is so strong that I must speak of it. I rank it higher for the well-being of an Army than any other consideration; very far above that of being present at many battles. When the Light Division joined the Army at Talavera, the men, though new to war, were looked up to from that day as the veterans of the Army, and by their discipline they sustained that character throughout the war, committing no blunders, and showing themselves the same orderly soldiers in the breach as in the line."

It is good to hear that a new Light Division is now being formed for our Second Army, and of the same old battalions—the 43rd, the 52nd, and the Rifle regiments. But, indeed, Sir John Moore's ideal of discipline has now permeated the whole of our forces, and when we remember the origin of our men and the haphazard manner in which they are recruited, the result is an instance of true and natural magic.

The methods and meaning of discipline have changed, but the substance remains as vital as ever. Undisciplined crowds of armed men or women, who have been practising rifle shooting at ranges in supposed preparation for war, are not merely useless; they are an extreme danger to their country. To quote the great strategist of our present enemy, writing of the Garde Mobile (a partially organized force) in 1870-71, Moltke said: "A force without discipline is as ridiculous as it is expensive," and he added, "Gambetta's Volunteers, though numerous, were useless." Again, in order to discover the meaning of true discipline from a picture of its collapse even among Regulars, we may quote a passage from the same strategist's history of that war forty years ago:—

"The retreat of MacMahon's Army assumed the ominous character of a rout. The troops were utterly worn out by their exertions day and night, in continuous rain, and with very scanty food. The marching and counter-marching for no visible purpose had under-

mined their confidence in their officers, and a series of defeats had shaken their self-reliance."

No words could be more instructive. The instinctive habit of obedience that the old "cast-iron discipline" could produce is valuable, but it becomes less and less possible among educated men, who grow disheartened if their movements have no visible purpose, lose confidence in their officers, and under successive defeats have their self-reliance shaken. So long as the real discipline is maintained, the result is the exact opposite. The men know the object of their movements, they feel confidence in their officers, and self-reliance, even during that most difficult and dangerous operation of retreat. It is rather strange that the best brief definition of discipline known to us should have been given by Darwin. "Discipline," he wrote, "is a state of perfect confidence in one's comrades." We know what long association, what practice, what tests, and "esprit de corps" such confidence implies.

This brings us near the soldier's highest motives for imperilling the existence which everyone by nature values. Something more than half-way up from the fear of the lash and gallows comes shame. When the present writer first came under heavy fire, his terror was so extreme that nothing but the fear of bringing shame upon his race would have induced him to advance with the foreign troops around him. That fear of shame is probably one of the strongest motives in all modern soldiers—shame to self, or to company, or to regiment, or to race. A kind of affectionate loyalty to officers is also very powerful, especially in our own army where a peculiar intimacy exists. All know that the excellence of a battalion depends almost entirely upon the officers, and our regimental officers are usually so good. Higher still, but we think far rarer, is a devotion to the cause for which the soldier fights. In his fifty-sixth Maxim of War, Napoleon seems to make rather light of this:—

"A good general," he says, "a well-organized system, good instruction, and severe discipline, aided by effective establishments, will always make good troops, independently of the cause for which they fight."

"At the same time, a love of country, a spirit of enthusiasm, and a sense of national honor, will operate upon young soldiers with advantage."

Those are chilly words from the man who, above all others, possessed and used the power of kindling the spirit of enthusiasm among young and old. From first to last, his habit was to rouse devotion to his cause or to himself, and, indeed, his fifteenth Maxim sounds the finer and truer note:—

"The first consideration with a general who offers battle should be the glory and honor of his arms. The safety and preservation of his men is only the second."

"But it is in the enterprise and courage resulting from the former that the preservation of his men will most certainly be found."

The discipline that is equivalent to perfect confidence in their officers and each other, the sense of shame that will not endure the thought of bringing disgrace upon self or friends or country, and the consciousness of a just and splendid cause—such are the compelling forces which now induce our "common soldiers" upon the frontier to confront that instinctive terror which to all mankind is so nearly overwhelming.



## THE WAR OF THE MIND.\*

ALL the realities of this war are things of the mind. This is a conflict of cultures, and nothing else in the world. All the world-wide pain and weariness, fear and anxieties, the bloodshed and destruction, the innumerable torn bodies of men and horses, the stench of putrefaction, the misery of hundreds of millions of human beings, the waste of mankind, are but the material consequences of a false philosophy and foolish thinking. We fight not to destroy a nation, but a nest of evil ideas.

We fight because a whole nation has become obsessed by pride, by the cant of cynicism and the vanity of violence, by the evil suggestion of such third-rate writers as Gobineau and Stewart Chamberlain, that they were a people of peculiar excellence destined to dominate the earth, by the base offer of advantage in cunning and treachery held out by such men as Delbruck and Bernhardt, by the theatricalism of the Kaiser, and by two stirring songs about Deutschland and the Rhine. These things, interweaving with the tradesmen's activities of the armaments trust and the common vanity and weaknesses of unthinking men, have been sufficient to release disaster—we do not begin to measure the magnitude of the disaster. On the back of it all, spurring it on, are the idea-mongers, the base-spirited writing men, pretentious little professors in frock coats, scribbling colonels. They are the idea. They pointed the way and whispered "Go!" They ride the world now to catastrophe. It is as if God in a moment of wild humor had lent his whirlwinds for an outing to half-a-dozen fleas.

And the real task before mankind is quite beyond the business of the fighting line, the simple, awful business of discrediting and discouraging these stupidities, by battleship, artillery, rifle, and the blood and courage of seven million men. The real task of mankind is to get better sense into the heads of these Germans, and therewith and thereby into the heads of humanity generally, and to end not simply a war, but the idea of war. What printing and writing and talking have done, printing and writing and talking can undo. Let no man be fooled by bulk and matter. Rifles do but kill men, and fresh men are born to follow them. Our business is to kill ideas. The ultimate purpose of this war is propaganda, the destruction of certain beliefs, and the creation of others. It is to this propaganda that reasonable men must address themselves.

And when I write propaganda, I do not for a moment mean the propaganda with which the name of Mr. Norman Angell is associated; this great modern gospel that war does not pay. That is indeed the only decent and attractive thing that can still be said for war. Nothing that is really worth having in life does pay. Men live in order that they may pay for the unpaying things. Love does not pay, art does not pay, happiness does not pay, honesty is not the best policy, generosity invites the ingratitude of the mean; what is the good of this huckster's argument? It revolts all honorable men. But war, whether it pay or not, is an atrociously ugly thing, cruel, destroying countless beauties. Who cares

whether war pays or does not pay, when one thinks of some obstinate Belgian peasant woman being interrogated and shot by a hectoring German officer, or of the weakly whimpering mess of some poor hovel with little children in it, struck by a shell? Even if war paid twelve-and-a-half per cent. per annum for ever on every pound it cost to wage, would it be any the less a sickening abomination to every decent soul? And, moreover, it is a bore. It is an unendurable bore. War and the preparation for war, the taxes, the drilling, the interference with every free activity, the arrest and stiffening up of life, the obedience to third-rate people in uniform, of which Berlin-struck Germans have been the implacable exponents, have become an unbearable nuisance to all humanity. Neither Belgium nor France nor Britain is fighting now for glory or advantage, I do not believe Russia is doing so; we are all, I believe, fighting in a fury of resentment because at last after years of waste and worry to prevent it, we have been obliged to do so. Our grievance is the grievance of every decent life-loving German, of every German mother and sweetheart who watched her man go off under his incompetent leaders to hardship and mutilations and death. And our propaganda against the Prussian idea has to be no vile argument to the pocket, but an appeal to the common-sense and common feeling of humanity. We have to clear the heads of the Germans, and keep the heads of our own people clear about this war. Particularly is there need to dissuade our people against the dream of profit-filching, the "War against German Trade." We have to reiterate over and over again that we fight, resolved that at the end no nationality shall oppress any nationality or language again in Europe for ever, and by way of illustration, we want not those ingenious arrangements of figures that touch the Angell imagination, but photographs of the Kaiser in his glory at a review, and photographs of the long, unintelligent side-long face of the Crown Prince, his son, photographs of that great original Krupp taking his pleasures at Capri and, to set beside these, photographs pitilessly showing men killed and horribly torn upon the battlefield, and men crippled and women and men murdered, and homes burnt and, to the verge of indecency, all the peculiar filthiness of war. And the case that has thus to be stated has to be brought before the minds of the Germans, of Americans, of French people, and English people, of Swedes and Russians and Italians as our common evil, which, though it be at the expense of several Governments, we have to end.

Now, how is this literature to be spread? How are we to reach the common people of the Western European countries with these explanations, these assurances, these suggestions that are necessary for the proper ending of this war? I could wish we had a Government capable of something more articulate than "Wait and see!" a Government that dared confess a national intention to all the world. For what a Government says is audible to all the world. King George, too, has the ear of a thousand million people. If he saw fit to say simply and clearly what it is we fight for and what we seek, his voice would be heard universally, through Germany, through all

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America. No other voice has such penetration. He is, he has told us, watching the war with interest, but that is not enough. We could have guessed that, knowing his spirit. As a nation, we need expression that shall reach the other side. But our Government is, I fear, one of those that obey necessity; it is only very reluctantly creative; it rests, therefore, with us who, outside all formal government, represent the national will and intention, to take this work into our hands. By means of a propaganda of books, newspaper articles, leaflets, tracts, in English, French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Italian, Chinese, and Japanese we have to spread this idea, repeat this idea, and *impose upon this war* the idea that this war must end war. We have to create a wide common conception of a re-mapped and pacified Europe, released from the abominable dangers of a private trade in armaments, largely disarmed and pledged to mutual protection. This conception has sprung up in a number of minds, and there have been proposals at once most extraordinary and feasible for its realization, projects of aeroplanes scattering leaflets across Germany, of armies distributing tracts as they advance, of prisoners of war much afflicted by such literature. These ideas have the absurdity of novelty, but otherwise they are by no means absurd. They will strike many soldiers as being indecent, but the world is in revolt against the standards of soldiering. . . .

Never before has the world seen clearly as it now sees clearly, the *rôle* of thought in the making of war. This new conception carries with it the corollary of an entirely new campaign.

How can we get at the minds of our enemies? How can we make explanation more powerful than armies and fleets? Failing an articulate voice at the head of our country, we must needs look for the resonating appeal we need in other quarters. We look to the Church that takes for its purposes the name of the Prince of Peace. In England, except for the smallest, meekest protest against war, any sort of war, on the part of a handful of Quakers, Christianity is silent. Its universally present organization speaks no coherent counsels. Its workers for the most part are buried in the loyal manufacture of flannel garments and an inordinate quantity of bed-socks for the wounded. It is an extraordinary thing to go now and look at one's parish church and note the pulpit, the orderly arrangements for the hearers, the proclamations on the doors, to sit awhile on the stone wall about the graves and survey the comfortable vicarage, and to reflect that this is just the local representation of a universally present organization for the communication of ideas; that all over Europe there are such pulpits, such possibilities of gathering and saying, and that it gathers nothing and has nothing to say. Pacific, patriotic sentiment it utters perhaps, but nothing that anyone can act upon, nothing to draw together, will, and make an end. It is strange to sit alive in the sunshine and realize that, and to think of how tragically that same realization came to another mind in Europe. . . .

Several things have happened during the past few weeks with the intensest symbolical quality; the murder of Jaurès, for example; but surely nothing has occurred so wonderful and touching as the death of the Pope, that

faithful, honest, simple old man. The war and the perplexity of the war darkened his last hours. "Once the Church could have stopped this thing," he said, with a sense of threads missed and controls that have slipped away—it may be with a sense of vivifying help discouraged and refused. The "Tribuna" tells a story that, if not true, is marvellously invented, of the Austrian representative coming to ask him for a blessing on the Austrian arms. He feigned not to hear, or perhaps he did not hear. The Austrian asked again, and again there was silence. Then, at the third request, when he could be silent no longer, he broke out: "No! *Bless peace!*" As the temperature of his weary body rose, his last clear moments were spent in attempts to word telegrams that should have some arresting hold upon the gigantic crash that was coming, and in his last delirium he lamented war and the impotence of the Church. . . .

Intellect without faith is the devil, but faith without intellect is a negligent angel with rusty weapons. This European catastrophe is the tragedy of the weak though righteous Christian will. We begin to see that to be right and indolent, or right and scornfully silent, or right and abstinent from the conflict is to be wrong. Righteousness has need to be as clear and efficient and to do things as sedulously in the right way as any evil doer. There is no meaning in the Christianity of a Christian who is not now a propagandist for peace. Who is not now also a politician. There is no faith in the Liberalism that merely carps at the manner of our entanglement in a struggle that must alter all the world for ever. We need not only to call for peace, but to seek and show and organize the way of peace. . . .

One thinks of Governments and the Church and the Press, and then, turning about for some other source of mental control, we recall the organizations, the really quite opulent organizations, that are professedly devoted to the promotion of peace. There is no voice from The Hague. The so-called peace movement in our world has consumed money enough and service enough to be something better than a weak little grumble at the existence of war. What is this movement and its organizations doing now? Ninety-nine people in Europe out of every hundred are complaining of war now. It needs no specially endowed committees to do that. They preach to a converted world. The question is how to end it and prevent its recurrence. But have these specially peace-seeking people ever sought for the secret springs of war, or looked into the powers that war for war, or troubled to learn how to grasp war and subdue it? All Germany is knit by the fighting spirit, and armed beyond the rest of the world. Until the mind of Germany is changed, there can be no safe peace on earth. But that, it seems, does not trouble the professional peace advocate if only he may cry Peace, and live somewhere in comfort, and with the comfortable sense of a superior dissent from the general emotion.

How are we to gather together the wills and understanding of men for the tremendous necessities and opportunities of this time? Thought, speech, persuasion, an incessant appeal for clear intentions, clear statements for the dispelling of suspicion and the abandonment of

secrecy and trickery, there is work for every man who writes or talks and has the slightest influence upon another creature. This monstrous conflict in Europe, the slaughtering, the famine, the confusion, the panic and hatred and lying pride, it is all of it real only in the darkness of the mind. At the coming of understanding it will vanish as dreams vanish at awakening. But never will it vanish until understanding has come. It goes on only because we, who are voices, who suggest, who might elucidate and inspire, are ourselves such little scattered creatures that though we strain to the breaking point, we still have no strength to turn on the light that would save us. There have been moments in the last three weeks when life has been a waking nightmare, one of those frozen nightmares when, with salvation within one's reach, one cannot move, and the voice dies in one's throat.

H. G. WELLS.

### A London Diary.

THERE can, I think, be little doubt where the best temporary solution of the Irish question is to be found. The machinery must in a measure be allowed to work, as it would have worked if there had been no war. That is to say, Parliament must be prorogued, and the Home Rule Bill covered by it. But that does not imply a final or conclusive form of settlement. Probably both sides would agree to hang up the Ulster question (*i.e.*, the Amending Bill) for a time, and that time could only be the conclusion of the war. In the meantime, of course, no Home Rule scheme would come into operation. Any settlement short of this, one way or another, would seem unfair and one-sided.

A DISTINGUISHED Irishman told me about what was to him, the narrator, an almost incredible proof of the change of popular Nationalist opinion that has occurred since the war, with Mr. Redmond's speech as, of course, the main factor of the change. At Mass on Sunday, in a strongly Nationalist district, the priest read out a letter of the Bishop asking for the prayers of the congregation on behalf of England, then engaged "in a just and righteous war." The whole congregation responded, beating their breasts, and showing every sign of fervor. Probably such a sight could not have been witnessed in any Catholic Church in Ireland since the passing of the Union.

NERVOUSNESS is the last quality one would associate with Lord Kitchener, yet in his speech in the Lords the other day, when he found himself among the politicians, the famous soldier seemed distinctly ill at ease. It was delightful to see his colleagues in the Ministry coaxing and pressing their big military comrade to take his place in the firing line, or at any rate in that much-coveted position at the table, from which our more familiar political artillerists have been accustomed to rake floor and galleries for generations. As an orator, Lord Kitchener is himself something of a quick-firer. He has a galloping not to say a breathless delivery, rather flat in tone, except when the inflections become a sort of sing-

song, but with a general effect of decision and soldierliness entirely suited to his present position and aims. Very characteristically, he had dropped no hint of his intention of speaking, and consequently was spared the crush of sightseers which would have been brought together by any such advertisement. Probably most of those who heard the speech drew from it the impression that its author was looking forward to a long war. I believe this has been Lord Kitchener's view from the beginning.

I HEAR, from a private source, that terrible things are happening throughout the Slav South. "Thousands are imprisoned," writes my correspondent, "deputies, mayors, journalists, merchants, all the Orthodox and many Catholic priests; Smolaka (leader of Democratic Party), Tresic (the chief Croat poet and a member of the Reichsrat), Cingrija (mayor and deputy of Ragusa), Krstelj (ex-mayor of Sebenico), Drinkovic (leader of clericals), and hundreds of others have disappeared, and God knows where they are now. The whole country is covered with bayonets at the command of the military dictatorship. The nation is bereft of its leaders and counsellors, and, in terrific silence, is obeying orders. Leaders, notables, priests, are dragged along the railways, telegraph and telephone wires and bridges, as hostages, as surety against attempts against them. Should anything be damaged, the orders are that the soldiers on guard instantly kill the hostages! Several Orthodox priests have been shot and hanged already, and one Catholic priest. Nobody knows what is happening two miles distant from him, much less in the outside world. Press suppressed, editors imprisoned, reading clubs, Sokols (athletic societies), and town councils dissolved. At eight o'clock all places shut, the gathering of more than three persons forbidden. Those not yet imprisoned live in constant fear. . . ."

I HEAR distressing stories of the large numbers of young women who have been dismissed by some of the principal London tradesmen whose names figure prominently in the Prince of Wales's list. It was, no doubt, the news of these wholesale dismissals that prompted Sir Frederick Pollock's admirable letter to the "Times" last week. To some people it is much more gratifying to make a handsome contribution to a well-advertised list of benefactions than to spend that money in averting a catastrophe from our immediate dependents. It would be interesting if the announcement of each name in the list was followed by full particulars of the conduct of the subscriber to his own employees.

A WAYFARER.

### Occasional Notes.

SENSATIONAL stories are current of the activities of German spies in this country and in France. Stringent measures have been taken by the authorities, and some of these have resulted in discoveries in unexpected quarters. But many of the rumours in circulation are either baseless or exaggerations. One of these, which went the round of the daily press, was that the German



proprietor of a Paris hotel had been found communicating with the enemy by means of a wireless plant on the roof of the hotel, and that he, along with his staff of German waiters, had been promptly shot. The facts, as told in the French newspapers, are that the manager of the Hôtel Astoria was denounced as a spy, but that the wireless plant was merely a toy, constructed by a youth who was staying in the hotel. The hotel manager was tried by court martial, and acquitted of the charge.

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THERE seems to be a good deal of uncertainty in many people's minds as to who precisely are the "Uhlans," who figure so largely in the news from Belgium. Uhlans were originally Polish light cavalry, armed with lances, and wearing the distinctive national dress. They were first introduced into the Prussian service in 1740, and a body of Uhlans was formed for the French army by Marshal Saxe. The word is now used to describe German heavy cavalry, who wear the uniform of their Polish fore-runners. It was in the Franco-German war that the Uhlans won a reputation for bravery and quickness of movement.

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UNLIKE the Uhlans, the Cossacks, from whom the Russian cavalry are mainly drawn, form a community within the Russian Empire, enjoying special rights and privileges in return for military service. Each Cossack village holds its land as a commune, and the village assembly fixes local taxation and elects the local judges. It has been calculated that in such a case as the present, the Cossacks are able to place more than three hundred thousand armed men in the field. Both in historical writings and in fiction the Cossacks are often represented as little better than savages, but as long ago as 1743, Jonas Hanway found them to be "a civilized and very gallant as well as sober people." To-day it is acknowledged that the level of education is higher among the Cossacks than in the rest of Russia. Their schools, which are under the direction of the village assemblies, are proportionately greater in number, and are better attended.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE RIGHTS OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Like many of your readers, I have been studying the White Paper. There are some conclusions which, as it seems to me, emerge clearly from its perusal. Both it and the German Denkschrift leave some other questions unanswered, and I would strongly deprecate any attempt to give a final answer to them until the whole of the diplomatic history of Europe for the last few years is revealed to the millions who will have to pay in blood and starvation or impoverishment for the incompetence of their rulers.

What are the points that are clear?

(1) The complete bankruptcy of European statesmanship. Hundreds of thousands of men in Western Europe are going to lose their lives; millions of men, women, and children are going to suffer untold misery; and social reform is going to be held up for decades—perhaps for generations—because the policy of attempting to prevent war by a ruinous competition in armaments has failed in its object.

(2) The absolute futility of the attempt to keep the peace of Europe by dividing its peoples into two groups,

bound together by unnatural alliances or by understandings which, because of their vagueness and secrecy, have proved perhaps more dangerous to peace than open alliances themselves.

(3) That the immediate cause of the war was the fear of the German Powers and Russia of each other, and their unwillingness to stay hostilities or aggressive preparations until the work of those who were seeking peace had time to bear fruit.

(4) That Germany could have prevented both the Austro-Servian and the European War had she wished. She made no effort whatever to prevent the former, and there is nothing to show that she made any adequate attempt to prevent the latter. Her efforts to buy off Great Britain are irrelevant to this proposition.

(5) That Sir Edward Grey, in whose sincere desire for peace I implicitly believe, had, at the last moment, the moral courage to reverse his eight-year-old policy and to offer to attempt the establishment of a real Concert of Europe, and even to disappoint the expectation which his policy had created in the minds of his "friends," France and Russia, if they refused to accept reasonable terms.

What are the points which are not yet clear?

(1) Why this reversal of policy was not tried until it was almost hopeless to expect it to succeed?

(2) What steps were taken by our Foreign Office and by France to put pressure upon Russia?

(3) Whether Russia played any part in the detestable Serb propaganda which culminated in the murder of the Austrian Heir-apparent?

Until these obscurities are cleared up, it seems premature to give Sir Edward Grey a certificate of acquittal, or to say that history will not include the Government of Great Britain in the verdict which it will assuredly pronounce against Austria and Germany.

I am not now seeking to argue these points. Our immediate duty is to defend our people from hostile attack, to save them from unemployment and physical deterioration, and to deliver Belgium and France from their ruthless invaders. But though argument must now cease for a time, there are the certain objectives which the friends of peace must keep persistently before them, and for which they must be prepared to take action as opportunity offers.

(1) The securing at the earliest possible moment of a just settlement which shall breed no fresh wars by the creation of new "Alsace-Lorraines."

(2) A limitation of armaments applicable to the victors as well as to the vanquished.

(3) The maintenance of a clear distinction between our attitude to the rulers of Germany and, in view of wild outpourings of some of your correspondents, I must add also of Russia, and our attitude and sentiments towards the peoples who are their victims.

(4) The avoidance of all temptation to depart, whatever may be the provocation, from the highest accepted standards of international law and practice.

(5) A full recognition of the permanent peril to liberty which may follow if the operation of martial law in this country is not carefully watched.

(6) The definite resolution to have done for ever with secret understandings, and to make the foreign policy of Great Britain one of which the whole of her people is fully informed.

(7) An equally determined resolve to keep this country—and, if it be possible, all other countries—free from alliances which impair their moral freedom to act as they would wish when the peace of the world is threatened.

(8) The establishment of an organized and permanent Concert of Europe, with the will and the power to "keep a fretful realm in awe."

(9) The determination that the masses of the people in this country, who did not want this war, but to whom it is bringing death and destitution, shall pay as little as possible of the extra taxation it will involve.

For these objects we must strive incessantly, at whatever cost of personal friendships or of party loyalty.—Yours, &c.,

E. RICHARD CROSS.

London, August 25th, 1914.

[We entirely agree with Mr. Cross that European statesmanship on the existing lines has ended in "bankruptcy,"

and with it the "group system" by which it was sustained, and on which it gave each people in turn an assurance of the maintenance of peace. This is the capital political fact of the situation, which will emerge as soon as its military phase has been determined. It has produced what we called the "war of fear," and, if democracy is to survive the struggle, and political and moral evolution to continue, no statesman, here or in other countries, must be permitted to take a step towards its revival.—ED., NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of Saturday last, my friend, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, puts a number of questions (with answers subjoined) with reference to "The Rights of the War"; but, in this connection, and at the present moment, there is only one question which I can ask myself, viz., Could we possibly have stood by, without lifting a finger, while the Germans, in violation of treaty right, and of all right, were carrying fire and sword through a small country with which they had no cause of quarrel, except that it declined meekly to surrender its independence at their dictation? I have always stood for peace, and peace at almost any price; but to this question I can see but one answer. To purchase peace at the cost of such humiliation would have been to sign our death-warrant as a self-respecting nation. Nor, so far as I can see, does any question of "policy" come in here, unless one is prepared to argue that our Government, before this crisis came upon us, ought to have denounced the Treaty of 1839—a contention which few, I imagine, will be found to raise.

May I take this opportunity of saying a word in reply to another question which I have seen asked more than once of late in the public press, and which is raised once more in your columns by Sir Valentine Chirol? Why, it is asked, are Liberals of to-day less favorable to the Russian autocracy "than they were thirty-five years ago, when Mr. Gladstone described the Autocrat of all the Russias as 'the Divine Figure from the North,' and despotic institutions were not held to debar the Russian Government from the enthusiastic support of English Radicals in fighting for the freedom of the Balkan Peninsula"?

The question so put almost answers itself. Thirty-five years ago the Russian throne was occupied by the noblest of the Tsars—that Alexander who was the emancipator of the serfs. Thirty-five years ago the hideous story of the Bulgarian atrocities was ringing in our ears. As a Gladstonian Liberal, I played my humble part in that agitation, and was one of those who were branded by the "Jingoes" with the name of "Russophil." Yet why, we asked, should we not espouse the cause of Russia when Russia was, in our view, clearly right, when she was fighting for freedom against the "Great Assassin"? But of late our eyes have been turned to Finland and Persia; yes, and to Siberia, and the methods of the Russian police, and the many horrors of a despotic and reactionary Government. How, then, could Radicals be expected to be enthusiastic for the autocracy? It was for such reasons as these that I ventured to write, before the true causes of the war had been set before us, that for this country to go to war "in support of Russia" (please observe the limitation) was "unthinkable." Let us hope, however, that out of evil good may come, and that the end of this terrible conflict may witness, not only the restoration of Polish liberties, but a new spirit of Liberalism in the Government of our great ally, whose success is now so intimately bound up with our own.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. GREENWOOD.

August 25th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Sir Valentine Chirol's letter in your last number evades the issues which I raised in mine of the previous week. I oppose, and do not defend or even apologize for, the policy of militarist Germany, but it has been apparent for years that Sir Edward Grey's conduct was strengthening the hands of German militarism, protecting it against the attacks of the German democracy, rehabilitating Russia so as to make a German peace policy impossible, and leading inevitably to war. I have believed that the policy of

Prussian brute force could be met otherwise than by an *entente* with Russia, and I am now more certain of that than ever. That *entente*, from the nature of things, was bound to have been manipulated by Russia both in Europe and Asia. In the future, that manipulation is to continue. So far from breaking the military castes of Europe, this war is likely to give them a new and more dreadful lease of power.

Russia is showing no Liberal tendencies; to suggest that it is to crack a bad joke. Russia created the Duma in order to avoid revolution and steer clear of representative government. Its Polish proclamation is of the same order of tactics. Owing to the suppression of political news, which is now habitually practised by the British press, this proclamation alone has been widely published in this country. Both Germany and Austria, as a matter of fact, had issued more generous proclamations, and Russia had to follow suit. That is the measure and nature of Russian Liberal tendencies.

I do not think that Sir Laurence Gomme quite appreciates how little France, apart from Russia, has had to do with this war. Russia dragged France in, and we came tumbling after. Is it Sir Laurence's view that we are bound to join with France in any escapade into which her treaties with Russia may drive her? That is what he says in his letter. Years ago, if Sir Edward Grey had cared for securing conditions of peace, he ought to have defined our relations to the Franco-Russian alliance. As it was, his lack of foresight bound us up in that alliance, although he confessed on August 3rd that its terms had not even been communicated to him. When Sir Laurence writes that Sir Edward Grey's action was unique in diplomacy because he declared that this country would oppose any country which did not work for peace, the facts are simply flatly contradictory to his statement. We did nothing to prevent Russia from mobilizing whilst Germany was apparently working for peace in Vienna, although one must assume that our Foreign Office knew that a Russian mobilization would be the signal for a European War.

Mr. Peterson's reply comes to this, if I understand it, and I am really not sure that I do: that the policy of alliance and *entente* was the only possible one for Europe, given the mind and ambition of Russia and Germany. That is not so, and the debates on foreign and naval affairs during the past eight years prove it.

But what do all these disputes amount to? Surely this: that we cannot any longer trust European peace in the hands of the military and diplomatic gentlemen who now control it. Are the people who led us into the war to be those who are to be entrusted with the making of peace? I believe that those who think with me regarding the play and interplay of policies which brought about the war must not remain absolutely silent, even in these fateful days, because a rallying nucleus of sound opinion must be preserved. But our greatest desire is to prepare the conditions in public opinion and political action which will secure a permanent and an unarmist peace, acceptable and honorable to all the nations of Europe, and I repeat my appeal to Labor and Liberal organizations to take steps now to secure that end, for in a few months' time that opportunity will have gone beyond recall.—Yours, &c.,

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

3, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

August 26th, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—However interesting, is not the attempt at this stage to discuss the policy that has led up to the war, and to apportion the blame, profitless? I agree entirely with Mr. Maurice's letter. But it seems to me that our efforts can be directed just now in a much more useful direction. It is well known that the peoples concerned did not start the war. No public opinion was worked up. It came upon Germany and France and England like a thunderclap. They were all involved before they knew, to the infinite distress of the people themselves. The working classes in all three countries had none but the most friendly feelings towards each other. That is equally true of the middle classes, as those who have visited them in their homes well know.

For the moment, the defence of national existence has brought them into the field against each other, without hate or bitterness, except that inevitably engendered in the excitement of the struggle amongst the actual combatants.

It is our duty now to see that hatred does not arise. The repetition by newspapers of apocryphal stories of outrage, which probably have little basis of fact, except the terror-stricken imagination of peasants fleeing before the Germans, has already begun the fell work of embittering public opinion. If our newspapers would but sift these stories before publishing them much mischief would be avoided.

When the war comes to its close the nations will have to confer. If at that conference recrimination can be minimized or eliminated, a settlement will be made easier, and out of that conference, if extravagant claims by the victors can be kept within reasonable bounds, a settlement leading to peace, not merely cessation of fighting, but peace based on justice, and making friendship possible, may come. In that case, is it too much to hope that the conference may establish a Concert that will establish a policy of armament reduction, and lead up to an International Court, whose authority will be accepted, and will make this European war the last?

But if the peace leaves the peoples themselves with a rankling sense of injustice, hatred will be renewed, and the old senseless and wicked arming against each other renewed and maintained until another conflagration breaks out. Let us then, so far as we can, stem the tide of anger amongst our own people, resting assured that the friends of peace in European countries, who are numerous and sincere, will do the same, thus preparing the way for the renewal of friendships and of international courtesies and visits that will re-establish the good relations existing between the peoples before the war, deferring our criticism of policies and their authors until such criticism can be made fruitful, and the sins of diplomatists can be visited upon their heads by the people whose servants they are.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. CHANCELLOR.

House of Commons, August 24th, 1914.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to express my agreement with the powerful letters from my fellow-contributors to *THE NATION*, "Vernon Lee" and Mr. Ponsonby? Amid grave and adverse news, the time for detailed argument has gone by. I will only say that, in my view, while all Europe is engaged in this vast co-operative crime, no nation save innocent Belgium can come forward with clean hands to boast that it is "in the right." Our diplomacy, though it did much at the eleventh hour to avert the war, must bear its secondary share of the responsibility. This war has been ten years in the making, and the time that ought to have been used to avert it was spent instead on the struggle for a balance of power. We enter it as the allies of France, whose rulers helped to divide Europe into two armed camps in the pursuit of their Moroccan adventure. We are involved in it by Russia, which provoked it by scheming, with Serbia as her tool, for the disruption of Austria, and, in the end, ruined the last hope of peace by a menacing mobilization, which our Cabinet did nothing to check. Germany is heavily in the wrong; but is any Power in the right? The future of civilization has been hazarded on a game of chance. Our part has been to vacillate between the rôles of mediator and combatant. The mediator was also a partisan; the combatant neglected to arm.

Liberals and Socialists are endeavoring to find a meaning for this war (at bottom, a struggle for the Empire of the Near East) by promising themselves that German militarism shall be destroyed. Only the Germans can do that, and only then if we will let them. The Allies may perhaps destroy the German armies. But militarism is a state of mind. It is the product not so much of brutality as of fear. A nation which dreads its neighbors will create an arrogant military caste, much as peasants in a disturbed country will breed savage watch-dogs. If we allow the armed fears which brooded over Europe before this war to survive it, there can be no end of German militarism; it will live as the necessary answer to the militarisms of the Slavs and their allies. Every proposal to take German provinces and dismember

Austria is a justification of the German belief that the position of the German race in Central Europe is made tenable only by its vast armies, its cult of ruthlessness, and its readiness to subordinate civilian rights to military claims. The settlement is far off, and must be reached through victory, but we shall ill prepare ourselves for it unless we realize that safety for ourselves and our friends in the new Europe will depend on our ability to beget confidence in our enemies. A settlement which leaves anger and fear behind it will create and perpetuate militarism.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

Harmer Green, Welwyn.

August 27th, 1914.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Bertrand Russell's letter strikes me, in its practical part, as essentially selfish. He thinks that, in our attitude to Germany, we ought to have confined ourselves strictly to "whatever defensive measures were necessary"; and he roundly censures our diplomacy for having failed to formulate definitely, and in good time, the conditions which would have "ensured our non-participation in the war."

Founded on a conversation which Sir Edward Grey had with the German Ambassador as late as August 1st—after Germany had declined to guarantee Belgian neutrality—he considers it proved that, even if Germany had given such a guarantee, and if she had, in addition, promised to refrain from aggression on the northern and western coasts of France, and also to leave all French territory intact, we should still have refused to stay out of the ring.

In all this, Mr. Russell misreads the facts of the case, and—probably owing to some previous bias—he does scant justice to the efforts of our Foreign Secretary. He should make a further study of the White Paper, notably Nos. 87, 105, 116, 119, and, above all, 111, where Sir Edward Grey goes the length of offering to throw France and Russia over if they obstruct any reasonable peace proposals that Germany may put forward.

It seems to me beside the point to speak of what European civilization owes to Germany. If Mr. Russell is so averse to what he calls the "destruction" of that power, what would he have had to say to the same process as applied to France—with England looking on, and waiting her turn? The fact is that, in more senses than one, Germany has a double face. If this war results in the elimination of the autocratic military monarchies, which have over-ridden German as well as Austrian freedom, and if it relieves Europe from the crushing weight of militarism, it will not have been undertaken in vain. The world will breathe more freely when it is over, and the friends of peace will get a chance of making their voices heard. If I am reminded that one of our allies in the present war is Russia—also a despotic Power—I reply that, even under her existing constitution, she has some leeway to make up, as compared with the civilization of Germany, and that in the coming century of peace, she may be trusted to profit by the lessons which the allies are about to give to Hohenzollern and Hapsburg alike! —Yours, &c.,

W. PETERSON.

Hill House, Denham, Bucks.

August 18th, 1914.

"THE LIBERAL FEAR OF RUSSIA."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—My friend, Mr. Wells, does not seem to understand that "the Liberal fear of Russia" is not so much a fear of Russia's hostility as of Russia's friendship. We cannot, of course, change allies in mid-fight, and the Russian army is a melancholy necessity against the German disturber of civilization. But evil communications corrupt good manners, and Mr. Wells's easy-going tolerance for massacre and oppression is not auspicious for the righteous readjustment of things when Britain has conquered. If this is the effect of the *Entente*, even on a professed world-teacher and Utopia-builder, what can we expect from the man in the music-hall?—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Far End, East Preston, Sussex.

August 23rd, 1914.



## Reviews.

### THE POWER OF RUSSIA.

"Russian Sketches: Chiefly of Peasant Life." Translated by BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE. (Smith, Elder. 5s.)

IN "The Annals of a Sportsman" Turgenev revealed to the world the profound wisdom of the moujik's simplicity, his dignity, his silence, his cold steadfastness in the face of death. As an artist, he detected these moral values, and as an artist he depicted them in those beautiful cameo-like sketches of Russian life. Tolstoy, on the other hand, moralizing and brooding over the lost significance of life, turned to the Russian moujik as the one type in the world who had unconsciously retained it. Dostoevsky, too, approached the moujik, but not in the manner of Tolstoy, and still less in the manner of Turgenev. For the author of "Crime and Punishment," the Russian peasant was neither a newly discovered character nor a revealed teacher, but rather a type of the Russian-to-be. "It is not," he says, "the absolute type of the coming Russia; but certainly it is one of the Russians of the future." Recent writers have seen more than a little danger of this type being marred in its evolution by too-rapidly changed environment, and it is perhaps the peculiar value of these sensitive translations, which seem to have caught the very spirit of the old icon painters, that they reveal the moujik in different phases of life, but always under natural and unspoiled conditions.

It is in Leescov's "The Sealed Angel" that one catches best of all that historic soul of the Russian peasant which has withstood with incalculable dignity centuries of tyranny and servitude. A stone-mason, one of a little community of Old Believers, speaks to his English master about the old icon painters of the past, and laments, not only the loss of piety, but the new falseness of art which is an integral part of it. Asked if there are none who would preserve the ancient forms, he answers:—

"There are none, dear sir, who care to preserve them, for the new schools of art have everywhere destroyed the old feeling and replaced it by the vanity of intellectual display. The lofty inspired type is lost, and everything is earthly and breathes of earthly passion. Our modern artists paint the Archangel Michael like Prince Potemkin, and give Jesus Christ the countenance of a Jew. What can you expect from such people? It seems that their uncircumcised hearts can neither imagine nor portray what is divine, just as in Egypt they looked on the ox and the red-winged ibis as divine."

It is a peasant who speaks like this, and it is a peasant who perceives that Moscow, "glorious queen of the ancient Russian race," had lost the spiritual power which made the hope of a people so long harassed by physical force.

"The Peasant" of Grigorovitch brings us to a death-bed as tranquil and as uncomplicated as sleep. The peasant had all his life worked with Nature until he had become veritably one with her; until he had blended with the steppes as naturally as the corn that the seasons renewed. And there is in this death only the sadness of missing the earthly renewal, the quiet tragedy of being cut off from that harvest of which his whole life had been an actual part. "Ah, Brother Ivan," exclaims a watcher, "at what a season you are leaving us. Rise up and look at the fields; spring is at the door, and we must begin to plough." It is like that, as Tolstoy noted so surely; the peasant grows like a tree and dies like a tree, and in death as in life, remains unresistingly part of the universal whole. Death brushes aside the scum and froth of cities; but in the Isba there is none of this, and it is not difficult for the moujik to accept the end as tranquilly as he accepts burden after burden along the hard but uncomplicated path of his life, which resembles not a thoroughfare, worn by innumerable alien impresses, but a trail cut through his native steppe.

But custom, even in this quiet corner, wills the loud mourning of the dead, and at the foot of a hill that hid the neighboring village, beside two old poplars, the peasants wailed around this placid bier. Then, raised on the bearers' shoulders, the bier received, as in final salutation of this blameless life, the rays of that life-giving sun of which the peasants of all countries and of all times have been unconscious worshippers: "The relations, wearied out

by grief and tears, seated themselves in the carts. We mounted the hill and gradually left behind the crowd which stood by the poplars, and followed the bier with their eyes till it was hidden from their sight."

Such, with Grigorovitch, is the peasant of the fields, and in his "Fisherman," the dweller on the Oka is equally part and parcel of his natural environment. He, too, is unconsciously grateful for the tranquillity of Nature, and fights, not so much against her as with her, as he passes from season to season in the infinitely varied panorama of the quiet year. The charm of the river and the manifold activity of river life are equally surely caught. It is, again, the natural environment of those old Russian peasants who, in their simplicity, their strength, and their endurance, are unquestionably the real power of Russia.

### NEW FICTION.

"Bridget Considine." By MARY CROSBIE. (Bell. 6s.)

"Dubliners." By JAMES JOYCE. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"Tents of a Night." By MISS FINDLATER. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Ah, well! wait until we're away out of this, and then you'll have all the things you want, please God," says the bankrupt Captain Considine to his plucky little daughter, Bridget, after they have been sheltering themselves for years in kind Mrs. Mahaffy's slatternly house, overlooking the river, in a neighborhood that had "gone down." The easy-going Denis, with his "gentlemanly ideal," courteous manners, and commission in the London Irish, has drifted from a clerkship into company promoting in the City, and the source of the infrequent cheques that provide the captain with chops and cigarettes and 'bus fares scarcely furnishes his daughter with more than tea and dry bread. Very well drawn are the relations of father and child, and it looks as though the girl's lack of education must cripple her in life's battle. Bridget, however, has a literary gift, "brilliant intentness" of spirit, and a shining carelessness of beauty, despite the shiftless upbringing and chronic struggle with penury and mean surroundings, and her friendship with Lennie, the good young man of the story, who falls hopelessly in love with her, now opens for her an unexpected door into leisured society. Through Lennie's introduction to kind Mrs. Trent, she takes the post of her private secretary, and soon the scene shifts to Clonkeen House, west of the Shannon, where the Delmege and the Wymondhams, typical Anglo-Irish county families, foregather. There is Hugh Delmege, the young heir, with his decisive brown face, his love of traditional family ways, and his political ambitions, and Sandy Wymondham, with his blunt speech, unconventional force, and warm heart. And there is Flinders, his cousin, "a good sort," with her love of horses and open-air sport, and her silent devotion to Hugh. Brusque Aunt Charlotte, who rules Clonkeen House, a thoroughly practical woman, with her sense of the "suitabilities," has long ago determined that Hugh is to marry Flinders; but she bites her lip, and cleverly bides her time when she sees that Bridget's vitality and beauty have seduced her favorite nephew, Hugh. Miss Crosbie's picture of the subtle relations existing between the Clonkeen womenfolk, who are all very "nice" to the stranger whom Hugh wishes to marry, is done with a masterly hand; but even better is her analysis of Bridget's feminine flexibility to meet her lover's requirements. We have rarely seen more delicately set down the woman's instinct for sensing the man's limitations and for feeling the pulse of his desires, than in these admirable chapters where Bridget discovers that if she is to marry Hugh, she must dissimulate all the demands of her finer nature, and mould herself into a pattern of Clonkeen conformity. Bridget is too rare a nature to succeed in damping down all the fires of her originality, and the "half-irritating fascination" that she has for her exacting lover is gradually worn thin. She hoodwinks him indeed, but her fierce resolution to keep him at all costs cannot withstand the inner pressure of the "suitabilities," and we take leave of her when she yields him back to Flinders. Miss Crosbie's admirable exposition of the scenes of this moving personal drama is fortified by the admirable sureness in character-drawing. All her characters live individually, and very charming are the descriptions of

open-air life at Clonkeen and the West of Ireland countryside.

Mr. James Joyce has done well in "Dubliners," though he will probably be told the reverse by most of his friendly advisers. He has had the courage to set down life as he sees it, the mean tragedies, the failures, the appetites, the pretensions, the vulgarities of ordinary "Dubliners." And if people resent seeing themselves painted as they are, and call this sketch "sordid," and that sketch "unpleasant," it will be the subtle truth of atmosphere, the insight into the frailty of human nature that will make them wish to blot out Mr. Joyce's vision. In "The Sisters," a quiet, remorseless sketch of the death and futile existence of an old priest, as reflected in the chat of two elderly women, the author shows the nicest sense of "background." He has the uncommon faculty of choosing the speaking detail, and poor James's postponed intention of driving with his sisters "to see the old house in Irishtown where they were born," conjures up "the face very truculent, grey, and massive, with black, cavernous nostrils, and circled by a scanty white fur," of the disappointed man lying in his coffin. Very shrewd in its restrained irony is "The Boarding House," with its tale of the serious young man, Mr. Doran, a clerk in a wine merchant's office, who has been seduced by Polly Mooney, the "lively" daughter of the formidable boarding-house proprietress. Mrs. Mooney, who "deals with moral problems as a clever dealer with meat," has made up her mind. She knows that Mr. Doran will not face publicity, that he cannot brazen it out like her other boarders, that he has a good salary, and, indeed, it is her knowledge of his salary and his excellent character that has made her keep her eyes shut to what was going on between him and her daughter. And on this Sunday morning poor Mr. Doran is sitting shivering, waiting for the summons from the outraged mother. "All his long years of service gone for nothing! All his industry and diligence thrown away." In a similar vein is "Counterparts," a description of the savage sensations of a harassed, humiliated clerk, who, after insulting his employer and pawning his watch to enjoy "the glare and rattle of the public-house," comes home to a fireless house and the sharp-faced wife whom he loathes, and proceeds to "take it out" of his children. As clever, but more sinister, is "Two Gallants," which exposes the mean straits of the social hanger-on, Corley, and his shifts to live. "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," with its satiric sidelight on municipal politics, will not please the confraternity of Dublin henchmen, while "A Painful Case," in its keen dissection of two lonely and purposeless lives, is inspired by a fine understanding of the contradictory aspects of a moral tragedy. If anyone doubts that Mr. Joyce possesses a psychological gift of a fine order, the closing pages of his last story, "The Dead," should set them at rest.

Women on a holiday should feel sympathetic with Miss Findlater's heroine, Anne, who, touring in Brittany with her Scottish relatives, and feeling "hot and clumsy," meets her beautiful rival, Madame Beauregard, and is told "you look so cool and nice—as all English do—so suitable!" Madame Beauregard is so exquisitely dressed, from her "mysteriously simple hat to her shoes," that poor Anne feels that, beside her, her own garments look as though she "were running a sack race!" There is a profusion of such feminine amenities in "Tents of a Night," and its cleverness lies more in its delicious little sketches of French holiday manners than in the rather sketchy love episode in which Anne and the evasive young officer, M. Dragotin, figure. M. Dragotin, who has fallen in love with Anne in England, and joins her party in the stuffy, jerry-built hotel, "highly recommended," which is crammed with tourists and squalling children, and is rich in noise and smells, with a view of "a hideous beach, full of people." He makes ardent love to the English girl, but when his mother informs him that Anne has only means enough to dress on, he re-transfers his attentions to his cousin, Madame Beauregard, who, it seems, is already engaged to him. The young man has, in fact, behaved badly, and when he tries to exculpate himself to Anne, amid the tourists of Carnac, "a wave of contempt swept across her." But still she loves him, and the knowledge helps her to

refuse poor honest Jimmy, when her old adorer turns up and rescues her and the child, Barbara, from drowning in a tidal quicksand. When M. Dragotin, disgusted with himself, goes off to fight in the Bulgarian War, Madame Beauregard philosophically decides that perhaps Jimmy will suit her better, and she sets her cap at him. The portrait-sketches of the charming, cold-blooded Frenchwoman and of Jimmy's mother, a grim old Scotswoman, who sums up her objections to her son's wife thus: "She's a widow. She has got a son of nearly fourteen. She is a Frenchwoman, and a Romanist," are capital. Anne's new-found philosophy, and the wonderful sense of "inner freedom" she gains from her experience, are taken by the author a little too seriously. The motto from Emerson about the evanescent rule of the affections, which Miss Findlater puts on her title-page, is more convincing from Emerson's mouth than from Anne's.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Days in Attica." By Mrs. R. C. BOSANQUET. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. BOSANQUET's book is accurately described by its publishers as "a friendly guide for the traveller who goes to Athens without much preliminary knowledge of Greece and its history." It begins with a chapter of useful hints on travel in Greece, from which the tourist will know what to expect in the way of hotels, railways, steamers, the advantages of travelling with or without a dragoman, and information on similar prosaic but essential details. This is followed by an enthusiastic chapter on Crete, whence the reader is taken to Nauplia and the Argive Plain, and on to Athens and its neighborhood. Unlike many travellers who have written books about their travels, Mrs. Bosanquet succeeds in giving her readers something more than a superficial notion of the lives of the people as well as of the natural features of their country. Her chapters on "Home Life in Attica" and "The Attic Country-Side" are admirable in this respect. Indeed, in many ways the whole book is a model of its kind.

"Chats on Old Copper and Brass." By F. W. BURGESS. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

As this is the age of collectors, so it is the age of books for their guidance. Mr. Unwin's series of "Books for Collectors" now includes fifteen volumes, and if bargains are missed, it is certainly not the fault of the various writers. Mr. Burgess has a huge subject in the book before us, but he manages to cover most of its aspects and to add a glossary as well as a chapter on cleansing and restoring. From Greek and Roman curios to warming-pans and coal-scuttles, there is scarcely any form of copper or brass metal-work that escapes his notice. Italian bronzes, African charms, Chinese and Japanese enamels, bells, mortars, Indian idols, dials, candlesticks, and snuff-boxes, all come in for their share of attention, and the reader who has mastered Mr. Burgess's pages can face his rival in the auction-room or the dealer in his shop with little fear of suffering by the transaction.

"The Keats Letters, Papers, and Other Relics, Forming the Dilke Bequest in the Hampstead Public Library." Edited, with Notes and an Account of the Portraits of Keats, by GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, together with Forewords by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, and an Introduction by H. BUXTON FORMAN. (Lane. 63s. net.)

WHEN the late Sir Charles Dilke bequeathed his Keats manuscripts and relics to the Hampstead Public Library, it was considered advisable to have them photographed so that facsimile reproductions would be in existence in case the originals were damaged or lost by fire. This has now been done, and the present sumptuous volume is the result. It contains fifty-eight collotype facsimiles of the letters and other relics, together with fourteen reproductions of portraits of Keats. Each facsimile is accompanied by a descriptive note in which Dr. Williamson gives full information about the original, drawing largely for this purpose upon



Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of the works. By means of these reproductions it is possible for students to trace the emendations and improvements which Keats introduced into some of his poems. The late Sir Charles Dilke had placed the whole collection of documents and letters written by his grandfather, Charles Wentworth Dilke, by Keats himself, or by Charles Armitage Brown, at the disposal of Mr. Buxton Forman, and as they have been transcribed in the various editions of Keats for which Mr. Forman has been responsible, the present volume adds nothing to what has been known by students of Keats. But it is a fine memorial to Sir Charles Dilke's generosity as well as to Keats's fame, and its inclusion in public libraries will provide what is next best to an autograph of Keats.

## The Week in the City.

THERE is hardly any change to be recorded in the City since last week. How quiet business is, anyone who walks about in the neighborhood of the Bank of England can see for himself. Some 10,000 Stock Exchange clerks are supposed to be idle, and more than 1,000 of them, one hears, have volunteered for the front. The Stock Exchange is very anxious that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should guarantee as many of its bad debts as possible, and the accepting houses are likewise of the opinion that what he has done for bankers and discounters ought also to be done for them. It is quite natural that the poor fellows who have been brought to the ground by the war should look to the National Exchequer for reimbursement now that this special kind of treatment has been applied to two classes in the City. But can the Chancellor of the Exchequer extend this generosity much further? It is true there is no logical point at which he can stop. But if everyone throughout the country who had suffered by the war is to receive compensation, there would seem to be absolutely no limit to the creation of debt. The Stock Exchange can never be itself again during the continuance of the war; but many people hold that it should have been opened last week for cash transactions, subject to various limitations and conditions.

### BANKERS AND TRADERS.

Quite a lively campaign has been waged in the press against British bankers on the ground that they are not lending freely enough to their customers, and are not really doing their duty to the nation. It is said that they ought to show their gratitude to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (who has guaranteed so many of their bad bills) by financing trade in a really generous way. But, after all, the main duty of the banks at such a time as this is to make themselves and their depositors secure. Even with the Bank of England guarantee for the pre-war bills they are obviously not in so good a position as they were before the war, and it would be absurd to expect them to extend new credits freely, even to old customers. Of course, with the Stock Exchange closed, it is much more difficult to value securities. We should all like trade to be stimulated; but those who really understand the situation would not care to see a rash extension of credit. After all, the real pinch has not yet begun to be felt, and, on the whole, employment is not as bad as might have been expected. In London, as yet, the

pauperism rate is not abnormal. Perhaps it should be added that very little progress has been made in rehabilitating the foreign exchanges. A little revival of trade is reported, however, with India, Argentina, and Brazil, in spite of the fact that a moratorium prevails in the two last-named countries.

### THE MORATORIUM AND BOND INTEREST.

There are likely to be one or two cases where companies operating under foreign or colonial laws and directorates, which have issued bonds to the British investor, will plead the moratorium as an excuse for non-payment of interest on bonds, and the British investor may not know how to preserve his interests. Undoubtedly, the best course to adopt is the formation of a committee of independent bondholders, as would have been done had no moratorium been declared. Then this committee can send the company the prescribed demand for payment, which, if ignored, entitles the bondholder to 6 per cent. interest on his coupon until the date of actual payment. If the moratorium is extended, the interest continues; but as soon as it is removed, the bondholders can enforce their rights. If they wait for this, much valuable time may be lost. In the last few years, it is to be feared that many bond issues have been made with a margin of security which is likely to be swept away if difficulties crop up. By being prepared, bondholders will be in a position to rescue as much of the assets as possible.

### RE-OPENING THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

If the delay in the taking of any action calculated to hasten the re-opening of the Stock Exchange is any guarantee against a hasty or ill-considered move on the part of the Stock Exchange Committee, there is something to be said for the silence of that body with regard to the supreme question. The few decisions which come from that august body, however, seem rather to indicate that it has been engaged to a great extent on domestic questions, which only become of any importance if and when the Stock Exchange is re-opened, as, for instance, the ruling which abolishes the maximum number of authorized clerks which a firm may employ, so that clerks serving with the colors may not lose their continuity of employment as Stock Exchange clerks. The Stock Exchange Committee has made it known that any member having a suggestion to make as regards re-opening is welcome to put it forward for consideration, and if the correspondence columns of the City newspapers are any guide, they should have had enough suggestions to keep them going for some time, merely on the examination of their merits and as an education in the financial views of their members. They fear to re-open because of the amount of stock on open account and covered by bank loans. A settlement at the prices at which the Stock Exchange closed on July 30th would ruin many Stock Exchange members, and would cause stocks to be thrown on the market by banks whose "cover" had run off. Stockbrokers have plenty of suggestions to make to each other, and one is that the Committee should find out the size of the open account to start with. Then it might be possible to deal with it. There seems no reason why first-class securities like Colonial stocks and railway debentures should not be dealt in now with perfect safety, because there is no open account in them. The banks need not lend on them unless they are satisfied that the loan will be usefully employed; and, on the other hand, a market in such stocks would set free a large proportion of their own assets.

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